

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## SOMETHING NEVER KNOWN BEFORE

See  
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Seven

### THE BELL'S LAST TOLL

#### A COMMUNITY FADES AWAY

Village Church That is No Longer Needed

#### THE SAD FAREWELL

From Our Hungarian Correspondent

We often read nowadays of a declining birthrate in this or that country, but it is rarely that its results are brought home to us so poignantly as in southern Hungary, where the bell of a village church has been rung for the last time to mark the extinction of an entire Hungarian community.

The village of Magyar-Hidas was founded 250 years ago by Hungarian Protestants in a district which wars with the invading Turks had left barren and desolate. Afterwards German colonists were settled in its neighbourhood. Then immigrant Serbs from over the border founded a third settlement. The three communities—Hungarian Protestant, Roman Catholic German, and Greek Orthodox Serb—existed side by side in peace and amity, each preserving its own language, faith, and customs and all respecting those of the others.

#### The Inroads of War

But about a hundred years ago the birthrate of the Hungarian community began to decline. The war made further inroads into the population, and the economic distress which followed it drove away, to the towns or overseas, a large percentage of the post-war generation, till at last there was only one parishioner left.

Some weeks ago that last parishioner died, and it was decided to hand over the church to the German community to be used as an entertainment hall. On the first Sunday in May service was held in it for the last time.

#### A Silence More Sad Than Tears

It was a sad and impressive little ceremony. For the last time a Hungarian congregation trooped into the little whitewashed church with its vaulted wooden ceiling, on which some long-forgotten village artist had painted a Garden of Eden with trees and flowers and animals and Adam and Eve. For the last time a Hungarian pastor mounted the pulpit and gave out the first Psalm. For the last time the little church bell sent its silvery voice over the countryside.

Then the ancient key of the portal was handed over to the pastor of the German community, and the faithful walked out in a silence more sad than tears. In many hearts there must have echoed Oliver Goldsmith's words: "Ill fares the land where men decay," for it is as true now as it was then that

A bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

### The Outdoor Theatre



London's Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park is again enjoying a successful season. Here are Margaretta Scott and Anna Neagle in a scene from Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.

### THE HEART OF THE WORLD IS SOUND

THAT it is a kind world at heart we know, and lately there have been some striking proofs of it.

Perhaps the most striking has been the response to the broadcasts by unemployed men and women. Many of us thought we knew all that unemployment meant; we thought we had given all we could to help; but when the B.B.C. made it possible for unemployed men and women to speak directly to us in our homes we learned what even a sympathetic imagination had not pictured, and many were the listeners who found another shilling or another pound to help these unfortunate people.

Money poured into Broadcasting House. Where facts had not touched the heart, the feelings behind the facts, laid bare by the unemployed speakers, found their way at once. We could not sit in a comfortable chair, well fed and warmly clad, without feeling the poignancy of the man who night after night had to return to an empty home with empty hands, or the woman who put her children to bed early praying that they would sleep and not ask for the bread she was saving for breakfast.

It is understood that most of the money sent by listeners is not handed direct to the unemployed speakers, but passed on to agencies who see that it is fairly distributed among the thousands represented by the speakers.

That, as we have said, it is a kind world at heart, is the conclusion Mrs Mary Hall must have come to the other day. She was not called to speak at Broadcasting House, but at Clerkenwell County Court. She was being sued for rent, and she told the court that she had only a penny in the world. Her story got into the papers, and a few days afterwards the Registrar announced in court that £50 had been sent to him for her and £25 to Mrs Hall direct.

### A PARTY IN 5000 PARTS

#### PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHDAY CHEQUE

Over a Million Dollars For a Noble Deed

#### HOW IT WILL BE SPENT

The C.N. has already told the magnificent story of President Roosevelt's birthday party, held in 5000 sections all over the United States in aid of those crippled by the same trouble that made the President himself an invalid for years—infantile paralysis.

C.N. readers also know how, in gratitude for his own recovery, President Roosevelt established the Warm Springs Foundation to enable some of the 200,000 other sufferers to benefit from the waters that helped him to recover. His nation-wide birthday celebration was to advance this good work.

This unusual party was a great success. But no one knew how great a success until one day last month when the committee placed in the President's hand an enormous cheque.

#### To Advance Good Work

The cheque was enormous in more ways than one. Engraved on a piece of parchment measuring three feet by 18 inches, it was worth 1,003,030 dollars and eight cents, or about £200,000.

This is how President Roosevelt plans to spend this large sum: £20,000 is to advance good work being done to help victims of infantile paralysis anywhere in the U.S.A. £130,000 is to go to make the Warm Springs Foundation a useful centre for the exchange of information, as well as for doctors and nurses working on this problem, "to the end that the best types of care developed anywhere will become the common knowledge and practice of all." Finally £50,000 is to go for the buildings and maintenance of the Warm Springs Foundation in Georgia.

History alone can give the final judgment about Franklin Roosevelt's greatness as a statesman and President, but in the eyes of his fellow-citizens there is no doubt as to the greatness of heart of the man who has thus "made it possible for the helpless to walk, the despondent to rejoice, and the poor to get the same ministrations as the rich."

#### MANCHESTER'S FARMERS

Until a few years ago there were thousands of acres of waste land composed of peat moss in the Carrington district of Manchester.

Today the 40 tenants who have reclaimed nearly 4000 acres of this peat land are producing the finest vegetables, including the celery and lettuce for which Carrington has become famous.

Manchester is rightly proud of its very own farmers.



## WEAVERS OF SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS

### PUTTING SOUTH AFRICA ON THE MAP

#### The Tapestry Seen Through a Door in Trafalgar Square

#### HISTORY IN COLOURED THREADS

Two new things were added to South Africa House in time for its celebration of National Day: a pleasing statue of the explorer Diaz sculptured by Coert L. Steynberg in a niche on the outside and a magnificent tapestry map hanging on the wall facing us as we enter from Trafalgar Square.

With its pictures of flowers and beasts and symbols it is like a giant C.N. map in colour, 12 feet high. Designed by Mr Macdonald Gill, woven on the Morris looms at Merton Abbey, and paid for by Sir Abe Bailey, it glows as vividly as does the real South Africa.

#### The First Explorers

Fish of all colours and kinds swim in the curling blue and green waves round its coast. Sea-goat blows to sea-goat along the Tropic of Capricorn, and the god of the winds fills the white sails of the ships which brought the first explorers. Here is the tiny vessel of Bartholomew Diaz, who rounded the Cape in 1488, and those of Vasco da Gama and Drake who came after him, while the advantages of the sailor of today are emphasised by the lighthouses pictured along the coastline.

The southern half of Africa is shown, from the Cameroons in the west to Abyssinia in the east, with two fiery suns marking the line of the Equator curving across the top of the map. The land is the colour of ripe corn, or, as this is Africa, perhaps we should liken it to gold or to the burned sand of the Tropics. The little picture symbols run from the more civilised south with its cities and farms, flowers, sheep, and ostriches, to the tropical blues and greens of a forest of the Belgian Congo.

#### History in Symbols

Some day we hope a printed guide will be placed beside this map, for, though there are many names on it, it is difficult to find our way. The whole history of South Africa is in the symbols. We recognise the cross which marks where Cecil Rhodes lies on the Matoppos Heights, the flashing diamond of Kimberley, the native weapons of the Zulu War, the scales from Bloemfontein's Court of Justice. A lion and a zebra walk through the Kruger National Park; a gorilla looks out from the Congo forest; and here, too, is that romantic swallowtail butterfly, the Antizox, which has never been captured.

All the many-hued flowers of the veld seem to be crowded into the rich border, perfectly portrayed, and when we called a homesick South African was recognising them with the same joy as we would greet a primrose in the desert. Worked into the flowery border are the names and arms of the great men of South Africa, while the arms of States and towns add to the heraldry.

It is as lovely a bit of colour as ever hung on a wall, and we feel that South Africa could hardly have displayed her riches more vividly.

#### AT 79

The C.N. congratulates Mr Harry Gray of Villetta Place, Peckham, on receiving a reward for bravery at 79.

He saved a woman from a burning room, and at Lambeth police court the other day he was presented with a cheque and a certificate from the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire.

We have long got away from the idea that old people need be invalids, but even so there is something rather wonderful in winning a certificate for heroism in your eightieth year.

## WELCOME, NEPAL

### The Nephew of a Great Ruler

#### HOW 50,000 MEN WERE FREED

A diplomatic representative to London from Nepal has just been appointed.

Nepal seems very far away. It is an independent kingdom on the north-eastern frontier of India, a land of magnificent forests and superb mountains, a land of tigers and elephants, bamboos and orchids, yet a land which has a good deal in common with England.

One thing in common is the respect the people have, here as there, for the memory of the late Maharajah Sir Chandra Shumshere Jung.

He determined to abolish slavery in Nepal. Of course people told him, as they have told all reformers, that it was impossible. You could not kill so old a custom. You could not offend thousands of powerful men. You could not dislocate trade. You could not change human nature. You might lose your throne. But he was not shaken.

#### Census of the Slaves

In 1924 he took a census of the slaves. Then he issued an appeal to their owners to release them. He spoke of the cruelty of selling people like cattle and parting parents and children. He announced that on a certain date slavery would cease to be legal and the slave-owners would be compensated. The Maharajah would give 14 lakhs of rupees toward the compensation.

This noble lead met with a wonderful response from 15,700 slave-owners, and 1280 of them offered to release their slaves at once without compensation.

So liberty came to 51,000 people in Nepal. The special envoy just appointed to London is the nephew of that great-hearted ruler, and surely he will find a warm welcome here.

## AN ENDLESS PROCESSION

### Passing Hyde Park Corner

London Traffic Committees have our utmost sympathy.

That they need it is shown by these figures taken from a Westminster City Council report.

In 1923 the number of vehicles passing Hyde Park Corner in one day between eight in the morning and eight in the evening were counted. There were 56,039. In 1933 they were counted again, and this time added up to 81,857.

Trafalgar Square's daily vehicles in the same ten years have mounted from 42,042 to 64,735.

Something must be done about this street congestion, says the Westminster Traffic Committee, which suggests, for one thing, that all horse-drawn vehicles should be forbidden the main streets during rush hours.

## THE RIVER OF MERCY FLOWS ON AND ON

By the Prince of Wales

There are fewer hospitals with deficits and more with surpluses than at any time since the war.

In the long fight with the results of the depression voluntary hospital finance has once more achieved success. In some ways the results for 1933 have been better than ever. The income of the King's Fund available for distribution, after deducting expenses, came to £308,000.

During the past few years between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000 a year, in London alone, has come from that stream of voluntary gifts which we are so often told is drying up. It is a kind of drying-up which would, I think, excite the envy of the Metropolitan Water Board.

## GOD IS IN THE STREETS TONIGHT

By Marjorie Wilson

This is one of the last true pictures of life written by our Town Girl.

OLD BECK is one of the numberless drivers who pilot a taxi round about the London streets day in and day out, like a man following the paths of a maze.

To Beck his taxi is his keb, and nothing will make him call it anything else. However, it is his bread and butter too, his cups of tea, and his sole capital, for he is an owner-driver. Often toward midnight he tires of his day's work, as most men tire, and is glad to steer his wheel toward its humble garage.

Lately Beck, on his way home through wet streets nearing midnight, dreaming of a fire, a cup of steaming cocoa, and a comfortable bed, saw a figure which attracted his attention. It was a woman carrying a heavy child. As she passed under a lamp-post he saw that she was thin and poor, and the child too big a burden, but Beck hurried home to his fireside and an early rising on the morrow to clean his keb (which should really be done tonight).

#### Fireside Thoughts

Beck reached his small home and crept about, putting on soft slippers, so that he shouldn't wake his daughter. A meal was ready for him, and he started to eat—not hungrily, for he was almost too tired.

The rain came in little battery charges against the pane as he settled by the fire, and then—

Oh, bother! Why should that picture keep coming into his mind? Just a stranger passing with a burden. Life was full of such things. Taking the child to hospital, he supposed. How mad on such a night!

How far would she have got now? No bus ran at this time of night. It would be nothing in his keb. And yet no one but a fool would turn out again.

No, he would have a nap by the fire.

#### Going To the Hospital

Five minutes later a policeman on his night beat saw a taxi going along a wet straight road. It looked like Beck's. The constable knew him by sight, and he turned his head to see him going away from his home at such an hour.

Farther on he saw him stop and speak to someone. It was the woman with a child in her arms to whom he had said "Good-night, Mother" just now. "Going fer?" he had asked. "Hospital," she had answered, and he had then carried the child as far as he dare beyond the limits of his beat. She had said Thanks, and nodded.

They didn't speak much, these people. He hadn't known that her voice was shaking too much.

And now Beck had turned out again instead of having his nap and had picked her up. "Want a lift in the keb, Missis? Hospital? That's right."

#### What She Wanted To Say

The woman was thinking a strange thing in one sentence. She did not say it, even when Beck dropped her at the hospital and said he would wait a bit to see if she was coming back.

She came out (leaving her child in comfort inside), and stepped into the taxi like a queen whose courier had been waiting.

She told him of the accident in two sentences, and Beck said, "Well, now!" And when she got out again she said "Thank you kindly," and they never met again.

What she had wanted to say, but couldn't, was, "It seems as though God is in the streets tonight."

Beck had never been so comfortable in bed before, and indeed the angels were smiling round his sleep.

## PRIVATE FLYING PRACTICALLY NONE

### Only Eight New Personal Aeroplanes in a Year

#### AIR SAFETY

From a Correspondent

Despite all the advertising of the aeroplane industry the number of private aviators remains negligible.

At the end of 1933 there were only 408 private owners of aeroplanes, only eight more than at the end of 1932.

The number of pilots is also negligible; only a few thousand A licences were renewed or taken out last year.

Yet no effort has been spared to encourage flying. The newspapers are full of it. What are called Air Pageants are organised commercially. Schools are inoculated with the idea.

#### Look Ahead

Moreover, our country contains a large number of young people who have the money to purchase an aeroplane and the time to give to aviation. One would expect an increase of thousands a year in the number of private aviators.

Perhaps it is well. We have created a Road Monster, and 20 are killed and 1000 injured a day on the roads. A sky full of drumming aeroplanes would kill hundreds and injure and burn thousands a day, to say nothing of the damage to property through the constant fall of wreckage and burning parts. It is forgotten that the present scarcity of aeroplanes prevents the chief cause of accidents to vehicles, which is collision.

It might be well, however, to look ahead and to make rules of air safety which may come to be sorely needed.

## A NEW ALLY FOR PEACE

### Montaigne at the Sorbonne

#### THE MAN WHO DID NOT KILL

On the edge of the Cluny Gardens, opposite the entrance to the Sorbonne, Paris has placed a new statue, by the sculptor Landowski. It is of Montaigne.

So the greatest French scholar takes his place in the centre of learning, a place which is his by right. And those who look up at him here will, we hope, call to mind the great stand he made for peace in those difficult days of the 16th century when religious wars were turning France into a battlefield.

We have already told the story of how, when an armed force broke in on the solitude of the castle where he was working, the captain of the troop could hardly believe that his only servitor was the old man at the gate.

"Where is your guard?" he demanded, fearing a sudden sally of armed retainers; but Montaigne smiled and pointed to the old man.

"What party do you belong to?" questioned the officer. "Do you kill in the name of the Pope or of Calvin?"

"In the name of neither," replied Montaigne, "for I do not kill. In my opinion it is madness for men to tear each other to pieces in the name of a God of charity and mercy."

The cause of peace has gained another ally in this new Paris statue.

## THINGS SAID

Use less water.

Metropolitan Water Board

Literature is news that stays news.

Mr Ezra Pound

If the German people want me back they will have to come and fetch me.

The Kaiser

When you replace humans by machines you reduce purchasing power.

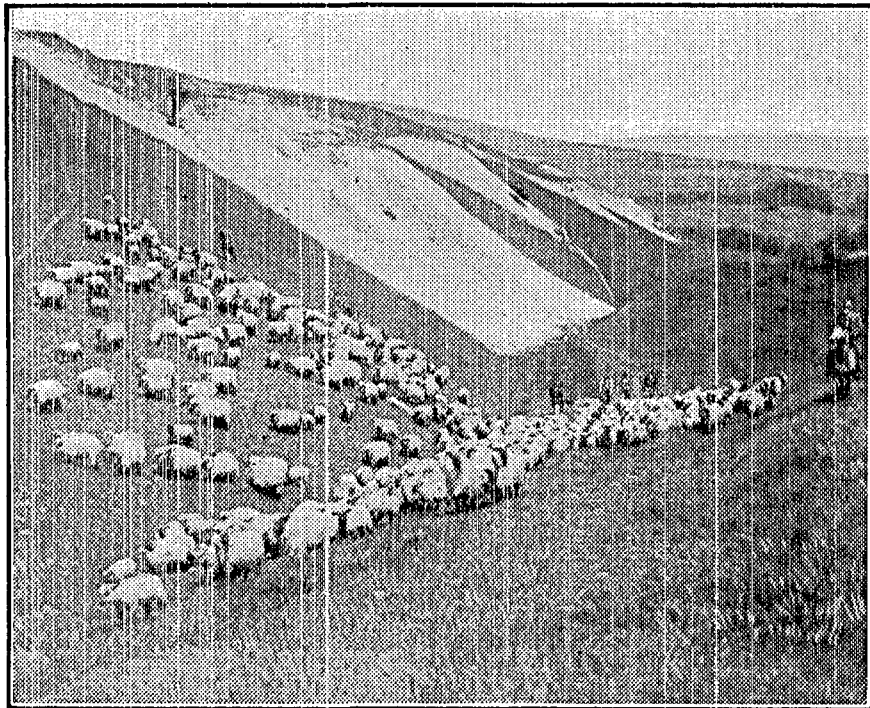
Lord Trent

Forty million mail-bags are carried every year and last year only 54 were missed or tampered with.

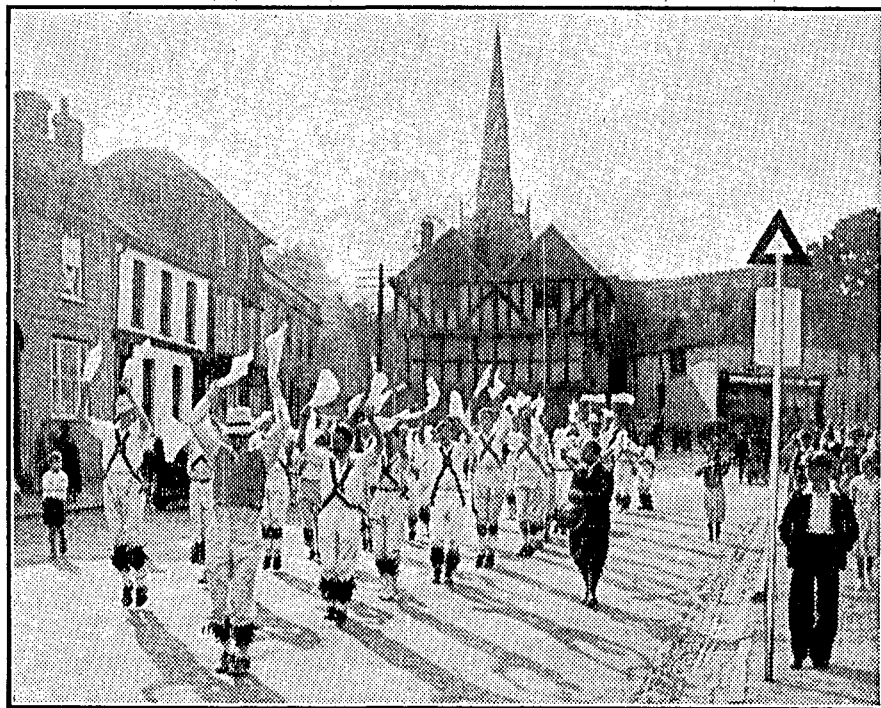
Mr St John Hutchinson



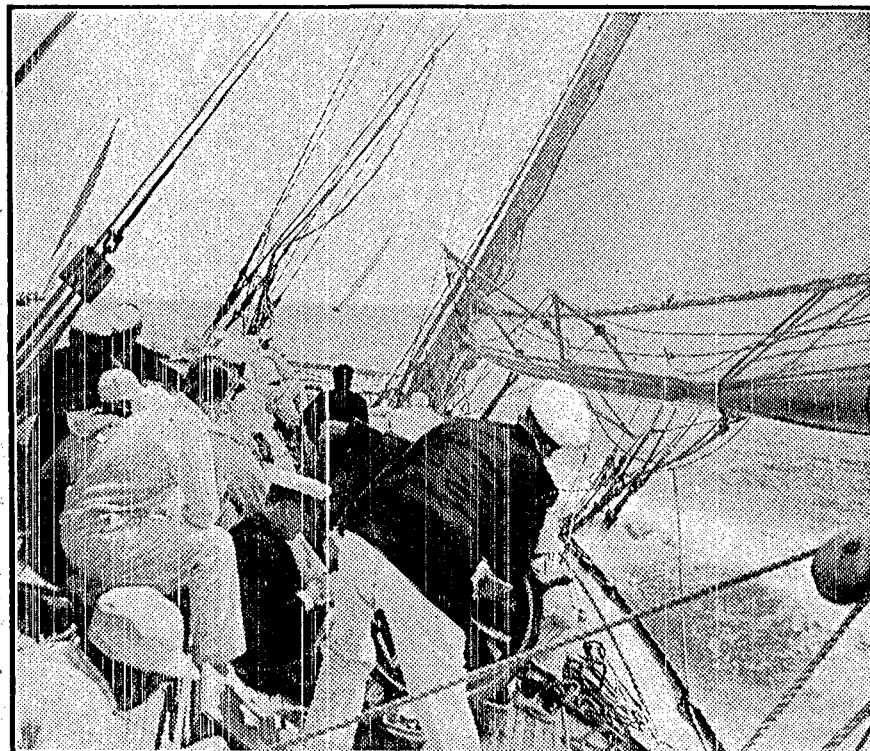
# ROUNDING-UP SHEEP · THE COACHING SEASON · SOLDIER SHIPBUILDERS



Going to the Wash—Sheep belonging to several farmers are here seen being rounded up in the Cotswold Hills between Winchcombe and Cheltenham prior to dipping operations.



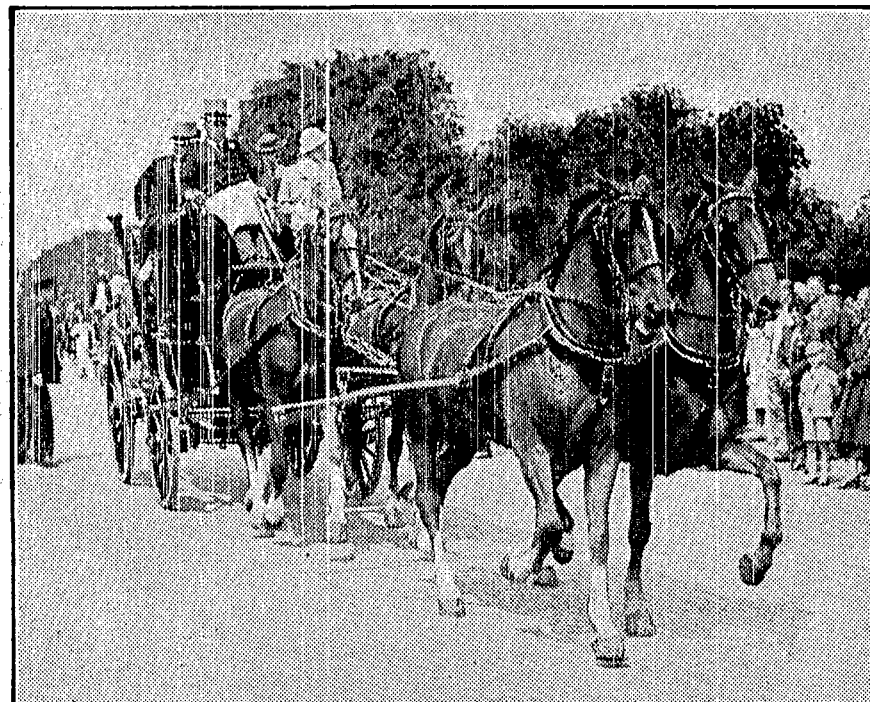
Dancing Through the Town—The main street of Thaxted in Essex made an appropriate background for a performance by local members of the Old English Dance Society.



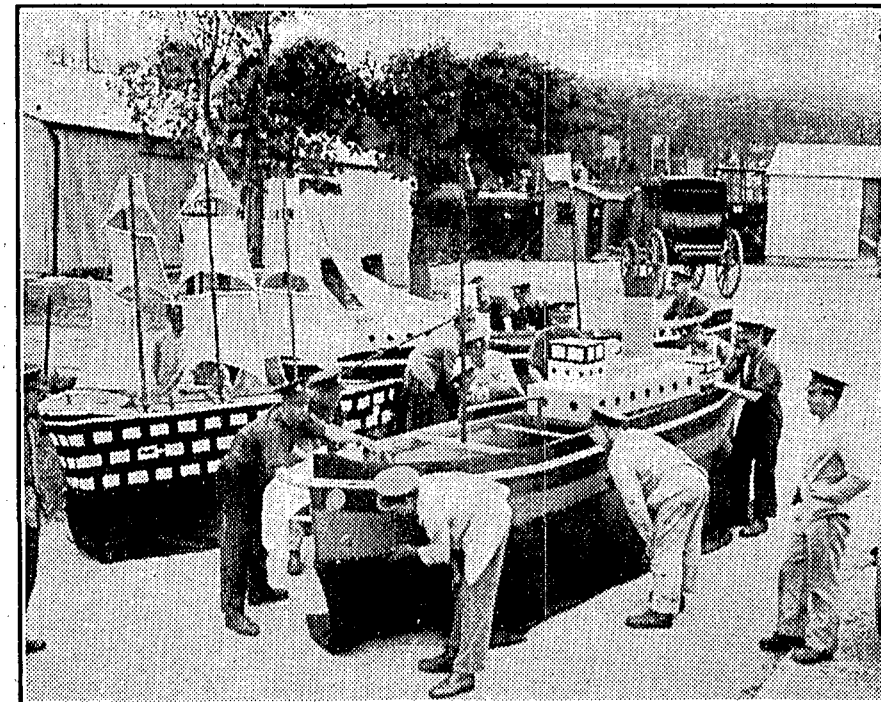
Yachting at Harwich—Something of the thrill of a yacht race is to be had from this picture taken on board the Shamrock during a race at Harwich.



Human Hurdles—During an interval between the more serious events at their summer sports four girls of Fairfield School, Bristol, held an impromptu race over human hurdles.



Four-Horse Power—All horse-lovers will appreciate this smart turn-out seen leaving Hyde Park for the first run of the coaching season which brings to the streets of the capital each year a touch of the romance of the roads in the days before motors.



Soldier Shipbuilders—A peep at the open-air workshop behind the scenes at Rushmore Arena showing soldiers giving finishing touches to some of the miniature ships which appear in one of the great spectacles at the Aldershot Tattoo this week.



## PLAIN WORDS TO COUSIN JONATHAN OUR GOVERNMENT TO U.S.A.

**We Will Not Demand From  
Europe To Pay America  
THE DANGER OF WAR  
DEBT PAYMENTS**

Not too soon the British Government has made a clear and pertinent answer to America's demand for payment of its War Debt Bill, amounting to 75,390,000 dollars due in June, plus arrears of 163,720,000 dollars—in all 239,110,000 dollars, or roundly £52,000,000.

Our Government's answer may be thus summed up:

1. We must suspend payment of the War Debt instalment due on June 15.

2. We cannot offer any further payment on account until the American Government is prepared to discuss the entire question of War Debts.

3. If we attempted to pay America we should have to collect from our European debtors the War Debts they owe us, which were suspended under the Lausanne agreement on Reparations (to which suspension America herself was a consenting party).

4. If we took action to collect War Debts in Europe it would amount to a return of the conditions which existed before the world crisis and were in a measure responsible for it. Such a procedure would have financial and economic reactions over all five continents and postpone indefinitely the chances of world recovery.

### Two Important Points

Two important points are put clearly in the British Note.

The first is that we borrowed from America to support our Allies. The Note points out that we made large loans to many other nations, and in paying the United States nearly half the original loan we have already paid all we have received from other nations as well as large sums from our own resources.

The second point deals with the fallacy that our Budget Surplus could be paid to America. The Note points out that the payment of War Debts has to be related to the balance of trade and not to the volume of internal revenue, and that, as the payments to America must be made in dollars or gold, to attempt to transfer amounts of such magnitude would cause a sharp depreciation of sterling against the dollar. This, the Note adds, would not be consistent with the United States monetary policy.

Our readers will remember that we have all along maintained that the British Government must, sooner or later, reach the position it has now clearly taken up. The Debt has no moral or economic validity, and should be ended. It is part of the madness of the world.

## ONE SHOP FOR TEN FAMILIES

**Are There Too Many?**

The growth of shops since the war has been very great, and it is astonishing that so many can be made to pay.

This period, however, has seen the growth of Retail Trade Associations which obtain big gross margins from manufacturers, and the advertising and sale of proprietary products sold at high prices are a great help to shopkeeping.

The Bournemouth Chamber of Trade, which consists mainly of shopkeepers, says there are 32,000 villas in the town and 3200 shops. In 1931 the population was 117,000, and there were 3031 shops.

It is extraordinary that a town should need one shop for every ten families.

## WHO SHOULD HAVE VILNA? The Case of Poland POSSESSION OF AN ANCIENT TOWN

In the C.N. of May 26, dealing with the Peace Pacts made by Russia with Poland, we mentioned the grave quarrel between Poland and Lithuania over Vilna.

We pointed out that Lithuania took Vilna from Russia by force of arms, but withdrew her troops on the appeal of the League, Poland pledging herself not to violate the territory.

On the Lithuanian troops withdrawing, a Polish General defied the League and seized Vilna, which has since remained in Polish possession.

This is hateful to the Lithuanians, who regard Vilna as a possession of which they have been unfairly deprived.

But the case of Poland should be heard, and we gladly print the essential part of a letter by a Polish lady whose family has lived in Vilna for centuries.

*By a Polish Correspondent*

If the nationality of a town is to be defined by fancy claims Vilna may be called Lithuanian, but it is a purely Polish town. The population consists of about 35 per cent Jews, 50 per cent Poles, 10 per cent other nationalities, and not more than 5 per cent Lithuanians. The whole of the population is Polish-speaking.

We must bear in mind that the relation of Lithuania to Poland is nearly the same as that of Scotland to Great Britain as a whole. Already in the 15th century the whole of the Lithuanian gentry had been admitted to the Polish Parliament. They have mixed with the rest of the nation, and only their names and a few local particularities have remained to testify to their Lithuanian origin.

### A National Ambition

In this century the Germans, to create a diversion against the Russians in the war, awakened a national ambition in the Lithuanian peasants, who never dreamed up to then that they were a separate nation.

The Lithuanian State was duly created, and Poland has recognised it as a friendly Power. But could it go so far as to make a gift to this new State of a purely Polish province and city on the ground that centuries ago it was the capital of that country?

The huge German town of Breslau has been in approximately the same period a capital of a Polish duchy; yet no one in Poland makes an absurd claim to that town, because they know that it has now become German and must remain such.

Our feelings toward Lithuania are of the friendliest. There is hardly a Pole who would not have a drop of Lithuanian blood in his veins, and the contrary is also true. The Marshal of Poland, Pilsudski, is a true son of Vilna, and is proud to call himself a Lithuanian.

## THE GREEN HIGHWAY A Surprise For Motorists

It will come as a surprise to many motorists to learn that they may no more park their cars on the grass verge than on the road itself.

Anyone who leaves his car there may find himself in the police courts, as 59 motorists did the other day after parking their cars on the verge of a Yorkshire road and going off to a race meeting.

They were fined ten shillings each for obstructing the highway and learned for the first time that the highway runs from hedge to hedge.

Torrisdale School in Mull of Kintyre is to be moved farther down the valley in order that water may be obtained without pumping.

## THE SAAR VOTE FRANCE AND GERMANY AGREE

**Nations Decide on Fair Play  
For All Voters**

### GREAT FRENCH OPPORTUNITY LOST

Amid so many international differences and rumours of differences it is good to record the complete agreement of France and Germany on the conditions under which the Saar Plebiscite is to be held on January 13.

In 60 articles the two countries agree to make the voting free and secret. The agreement has been secured by a Committee of Three appointed by the League. Order is to be kept by local means alone, the gendarmerie to be reinforced solely by Saar recruits.

France and Germany agree to bring no pressure, direct or indirect, to bear on the electors. There are to be no discriminations or refusals against voters for expressing their opinion. Both countries agree to punish any who disobey these undertakings.

### Choice Before the Voters

An International Tribunal is to sit for a year after the election to safeguard any voter, and after that year any voter can at any time appeal to the League for protection.

The voters will have, in accordance with the Treaty of Versailles, the choice of three things:

To become part of France.

To become part of Germany.

To remain under the League.

As nearly all the inhabitants are Germans there is no doubt of the issue, but the protection of the minority is clearly necessary when we remember the victimisation of Jews, Socialists, and others by the Hitler Government.

That said, we think it a grave error to hold the plebiscite at all. France had (and still has) a splendid opportunity to give generously what she has now no power to withhold. Good and lasting relations between France and Germany might have been so easily begun by an invitation from France asking Germany to resume sovereignty of what is clearly part of Germany. Indeed, if this thing had been done two years ago there might have been no Hitler triumph; it is one more example of the folly to which French insistence has brought us.

## WAR AS IT IS

### The Story of St Mihiel

#### DRAWING LOTS FOR DEATH

The story of the French military executions at St Mihiel in 1915 will not easily be forgotten, and the world is indebted to the French women who have demanded that the memory of four dead soldiers should be officially cleared.

On a day in August 1915, at St Mihiel, an entire French company of soldiers who had been reduced to human wrecks failed to follow their officers "over the top." One of the officers has declared that "it would have been better to shoot them than to make them climb out of their trench."

Military authority could hardly shoot the whole company for disobeying orders, and the expedient was adopted of choosing one man for court-martial from each platoon. So five men were tried, and four were found guilty and shot.

Now the French Supreme Military Court is re-trying the case. The victims cannot be brought back to life, but their widows or mothers hope that their honour will be vindicated.

Whatever the issue of the re-trial we shall continue to wonder at the vagaries of the military mind.

*What can possess a soldier when he brings himself to believe that to shoot his own countrymen in cold blood is to encourage the others to be braver?*

## ONE OF OUR READERS

### ALFRED NOBEL'S RIGHT- HAND MAN

**Old and Deaf and Blind, But  
Unbeaten By Anything**

### THE GREAT SPIRIT OF CARL LUNDHOLM

What courage an old man needs who, blind and deaf and 79, decides to learn to typewrite!

The C.N. is proud that it should have helped him in a way, for we have heard the story from the lady who went to give him lessons twice a week, till he died the other day at 83, with a half-finished copy of a C.N. article still on his typewriter.

His name was Carl Olof Lundholm, a name known to thousands, for he has had a brilliant career. Born in Stockholm he qualified as a chemical engineer, and then, with a Swedish Board of Trade grant, went to Paris for research work. There he met Alfred Nobel and was soon afterwards working with him.

### On a Research Tour

When the Nobel factory for explosives was started in Stirlingshire in 1879 Mr. Lundholm was made assistant manager, and six years later was sent on a research tour round the Continent. For twenty years after he came back he was manager of the factory in Ayrshire where all the Nobel high explosives were produced.

He retired the year the war broke out and went to live at Upper Norwood, where he has died; but all through the war he was constantly called on to undertake various missions, for his valuable knowledge could not be spared.

Before losing his sight entirely he went to the Royal Normal College to study Braille. He was 74 then, and was getting very deaf, but that was not enough to daunt him. And then, as we have said, quite blind and so deaf that he could not hear the typewriter bell to warn him of the end of a line, he started to learn to type.

### We Kept Him Interested

His teacher would dictate to him from the C.N., for our style was plain and yet not too simple for this keen mind, and we kept him interested. His greatest success was when he typed 189 words consecutively without a mistake, and he was as proud as anything when his teacher mounted this bit of work on cardboard and presented it to him with a Certificate of Merit. He loved a joke like that. When he died his teacher, Miss Kate Gessey, felt she had lost a dear old friend.

"Surely," says she in her letter to us, "we should have to go a long way to find Mr. Lundholm's equal in courage, humour, perseverance, and patience. It is a lesson to those of us who are easily daunted by little obstacles."

Many a time we have pictured our readers in all countries, but seldom have we come across a picture we liked better than that of this courageous old man patiently tapping out articles from the C.N. on his Braille typewriter.

### NERO'S PLUMBER

Nero had the best of everything, if you leave out his heart and his conscience. Even the richest of emperors cannot buy comfort in those regions.

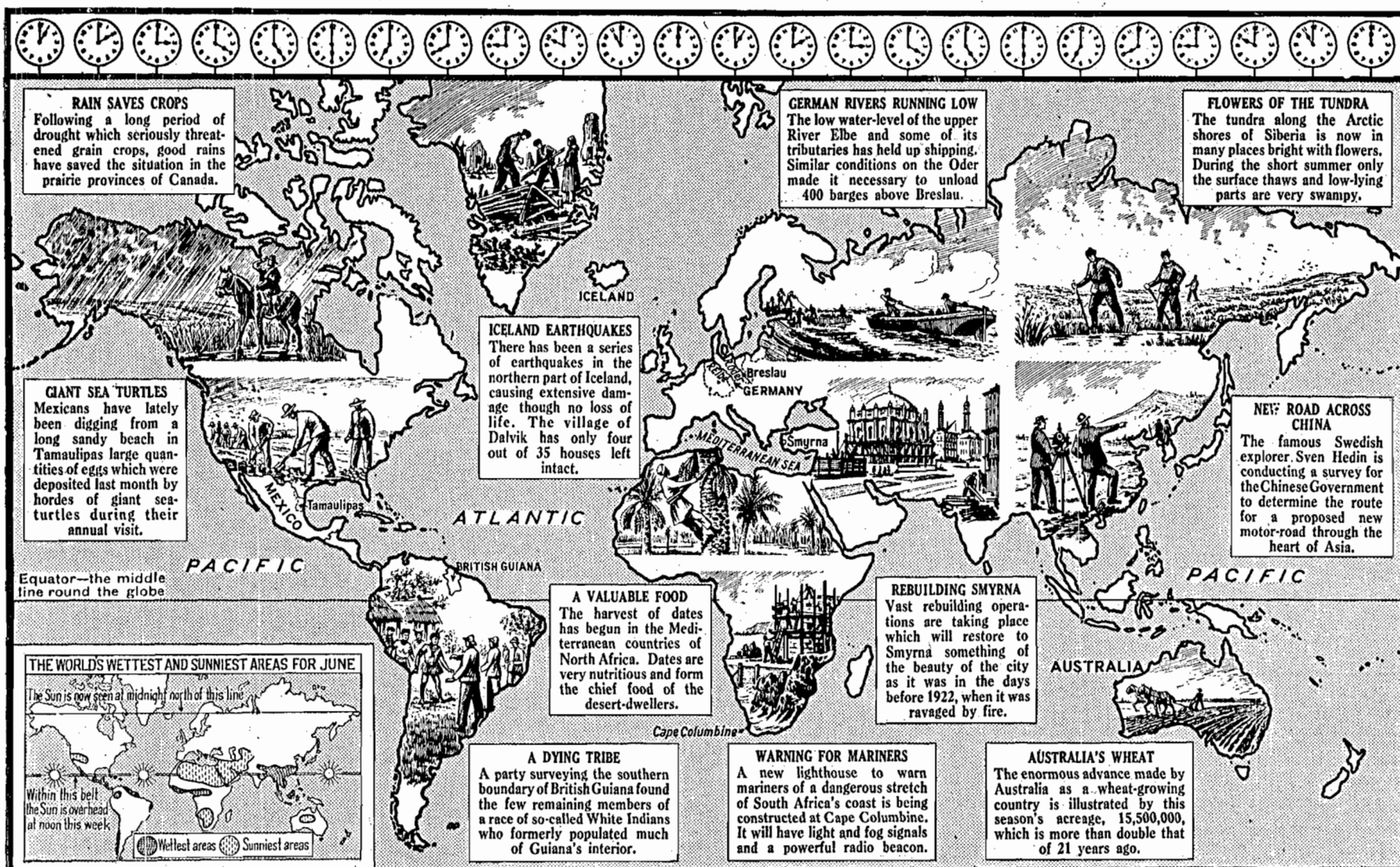
But Nero could and did buy the best plumbing. We have just heard that Professor Terenzo, who is excavating the Golden House built by Nero after the sack of Rome, has come upon a complete system of drainage in working order.

He cleared the pipes of earth and rubbish, and nothing else was necessary.

Nero's plumber was no jerrybuilder. We hope that so perfect a workman had his reward, and died a natural death.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## THE ELECTRIC CANAL Will It Be a Common Sight?

One result of cheap electric power is the introduction into England of electric traction on the canals.

The canals of France and Germany are much greater than ours, and electric haulage is already in full swing. The French canal boats have a normal depth of about two feet, and barges carrying nearly 300 tons of cargo are easily operated.

Rails are laid along the towpaths, and on these travel powerful haulage tractors fed with electricity from overhead trolleys. One of these tractors can haul a number of barges. The tractor can pass through quite small openings, under bridges and between buildings. There is a certain amount of complication at the locks, but this has been successfully dealt with.

It looks as if the horse-drawn barge will soon be a thing of the past. With cheap power all over the country the barge tractor must prove far more economical than the horse, and the electrified canal may become as common in this country as it is on the Continent.

## IRELAND'S SORROWFUL BUSINESS Cattle in Tins

Ireland, half-ruined by her economic war, has wondered what to do with the good cattle we no longer are allowed to buy from her.

The latest move in this sorrowful business is that Ireland will set up a canning factory at Roscrea to supply tinned meat to Germany.

It is hoped 50,000 beasts a year will thus be sold, to the great relief of the Irish farmer. The factory is to be a model one, equipped with the latest machinery.

An agreement has been signed with Germany, who will take the produce, in effect, in exchange for German goods.

## THE GIRL AND THE YACHT A Race at a Launch

The people of Thomastown, Maine, saw an exciting race the other day. It was an impromptu contest between a yacht and a girl.

Miss May Gould was chosen to name her father's new schooner yacht Segochet. When a vessel is named a bottle is broken over her bows, and ignorant seamen believe that if the bottle fails to break the ship will have bad luck.

Miss Gould, wishing not to hurt the seamen, swung the bottle against the bows as the yacht slid down the slipway into the water, but it did not break.

She was dressed in white, but ran along, jumped into the harbour, and swam after the yacht. She caught it up 300 feet out, and duly smashed the bottle.

## MISHA THE HEDGEHOG

Every one of us, young or old, loves Mickey Mouse, and none of us ever tires of following him in his varied adventures.

The Russian Government has seized on the idea and adapted it to their own propagandist purposes, but the children are not to have a mouse; the hero of the Russian cartoons is a hedgehog and his name is Misha. He is a prickly customer, and many people will say the Russians have chosen the right kind of beast for their purpose.

Misha the Hedgehog is shown travelling in capitalist countries, seeing soldiers preparing for war, sweated workers, and other subjects which the Russian rulers desire to warn their new generation against.

## HIS 111TH BIRTHDAY

Canada's oldest inhabitant recently celebrated his 111th birthday, and just to show the birthday guests how good his eyesight still is he threaded a needle before them.

He was born at Sebastopol in Russia in 1823, fought in the Crimean War, and went to Canada with his wife and child in 1866.

## HE SAVED HIS MASTER Story of a Shropshire Dog

Not long ago a Shropshire farmer went out with his terrier to tend some of his sheep grazing on a hill. He picked up a dead lamb and was returning with it, carrying a gun over his shoulder.

He stumbled and fell, and the gun was accidentally discharged. In the recoil he was struck on the head and received a severe wound, which rendered him unconscious.

On recovering consciousness some time later he found the dog licking his wound and frantically endeavouring to move him.

He managed to struggle home, and eventually recovered, to be told by the doctor that his life was only saved by the dog licking the wound.

## THE DAY DREAM OF A LAD

One of the biggest bridges of the world is the new suspension bridge in New York over the Hudson River.

Over forty years ago a poor Swiss lad was dreaming of nothing but bridges. He drew bridges in pencil; he planned bridges for the small stream running through his native village. He dreamed that somewhere he would some time build a wonderful bridge.

In due time he became a civil engineer, and in 1929, when he was 51, the opportunity arrived.

Othmar H. Ammann, the Swiss lad, has become a great engineer and has built this new bridge, one of the wonders of the world.

## TWO DONKEYS

Last year there was only one donkey on the pay-list of the British Army; now there are two.

The veteran is engaged in taking the army's linen up and down the steep and twisty streets of Gibraltar.

The recruit is engaged in the sanitary work of the garrison in Mauritius; so they will never meet.

## A SHIP HAS A LIFT FOR A CAR

### What the World is Coming To

The biggest elevator for motor-cars ever built for use in a ship has been fitted in the new French liner Normandie.

Passengers from Europe to America nowadays frequently take their cars with them. Indeed, so many cars are carried as cargo that it has been actually found necessary to design this lift for raising cars to different decks.

In some American offices lifts to take cars have been arranged, so that a man coming to his office in the morning can drive straight into the lift and be taken up, perhaps twenty storeys, to his private office. The modern business man and the car go together, and machinery has had to be devised for their use.

## 70 MORE TREES IN ENGLAND

Shortsighted economy is the order of the day where commercial afforestation is concerned, but private people, in this country at any rate, are becoming more and more alive to the beauty and value of trees.

The latest report we have of tree-planting comes from Caterham in Surrey, where a new church has just been surrounded by 72 trees, each tree bearing the name of the giver or being planted as a memorial.

"Only God can make a tree," as Joyce Kilmer said, but it is possible for us all to make tree-filled corners for the future where are now empty spaces.

## PREMIER ARTISAN

### Title From a Copper Kettle

A massive copper kettle is on show in a shop in Geneva, beaten by hand out of a single sheet of copper by M. F. Zambon of Paris.

This kettle has secured for its maker the coveted title of Premier Artisan of France, bestowed on him by the President of the French Republic.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 23

1934

## Let Us Share the World

IN some parts of the world the Great Drought has broken and the threat of famine is removed. But it is not too early or too late for the world to learn the lesson, and it is worth our while to look at it, and for us all to think awhile.

A few weeks ago the nations were meeting to decide how best to cut down the world's corn.

Too much wheat, they declared! Too much plenty! A plea, not for plenty of the best bread for all people, but that corn-producing nations should cut down supplies to keep up price.

A few weeks passed, and we opened our morning papers to read of drought in Russia, in Canada, and the United States, to say nothing of drought at home. Even as we go to press we hear that rain is coming in many parts, and we may hope that by the time the ink which prints these words is dry refreshing rains will have rescued wide areas of our own country, which has been suffering widely and is menaced with much peril.

So the world, recently set upon curbing plenty and making daily bread dear for everybody, is brought again to realise the need for mutual help.

The policy of refusing to share the world is a delusion which must be destroyed if man is ever to enter into the possession of his birthright. It is madness itself.

It is quite untrue that there is yet "plenty for all." The truth is that we possess the means of obtaining plenty for ourselves and our fellows, and that we do not use them properly.

The world needs not less wheat, meat, dairy produce, vegetables, fruit, cotton, wool, metal, and rubber, but much more of all these things. It possesses not only the means to produce more of them all, but the means to distribute it. The world is able to satisfy all its necessities if it is properly organised.

What is wanted is that the nations should meet, not to curb output, but to concert plans to produce and to distribute. Each nation should say to every other nation, *What can we do for you?* When each nation capable of producing a surplus of any commodity is provided with the means to distribute the surplus, the world will know a real plenty.

A good motto for the nations in these days, and in all times, is *Let Us Share the World!* That is the path not only of plenty but of peace. The false motto *Let Us Hold Our Own!* is the surest way to universal want.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## What the One Man is For

WE read in the Landmark, the excellent magazine of the English-Speaking Union, that the Canadian Army is limited to 20,801 men.

Why not 20,800?

*Because that one extra man is needed for guarding the boundary line between the United States and Canada.*

Comment on the application to Europe of this delightful piece of news is superfluous, as the Landmark says.

## The Story the Dean Heard

THE Dean of Durham has been telling a story he heard in Constantinople. The Emperor Justinian dreamed that he saw the Archangel Gabriel descending to Earth.

He has come, thought the emperor, to praise me for having built the superb cathedral of St Sophia to the glory of God.

The magnificent cathedral was just finished, but the archangel had not come to congratulate the emperor.

He was sent to thank the poor woman who had given water to the weary oxen who pulled the building materials up the hill.

## Bang!

SOME of the new cars have doors which close without having to be banged. We wonder why all doors of taxi-cabs and motors were made so that they would not shut without being banged.

In a London house where the traffic streams by all day and half the night, and where a listener lies in bed, there must be thousands of bangs through the day, especially as there is a taxi rank beneath the window. Bang, bang! each time a car stops or starts. It is a sound which a listener becomes more or less accustomed to, but there is a strange idea in the manufacturing of a door which will only shut if it is slammed.

Such a habit, too, has banging become that someone we know who has bought a car with a bangless door looks round with apprehension every time anyone gets in or out of her car and calls excitedly:

"Please don't bang the door!" But the advice is usually too late.

## The Flag of Peace

A READER who has lately been on a walking tour in England has a suggestion to make which we would like to pass on.

Again and again he noticed a Union Jack draped beside a memorial to men fallen in the war, and the words of Nurse Cavell came to his mind: Patriotism is not enough.

Why not (he suggests) show a visible token of the peace these men died for, and *What could be better than the flag of the League of Nations placed side by side with the national flag?*

## The Get-Rich-Quick House

WE make no apology for reminding the Minister of Health that we need not only houses but good ones.

We live in a weather-beaten island in which it is not easy so to build a dwelling as to make it weather-tight. That is true even if we use the best-known materials and apply to them the most skilled labour.

Yet since the war hundreds of thousands of houses have been put up by get-rich-quick builders, using the cheapest obtainable materials with the minimum of effort. Green and sappy timber, toy fittings and rubbish joinery, are commonplaces in them, and these trashy houses often line great roads built out of all our pockets at enormous cost.

*Do these serious things matter nothing to those who have power to alter them?*

## Tip-Cat

A MAN has been writing to the paper to ask how to feed his dog. We suggest give it food.

It isn't always easy to keep a job. Nor to make it keep you.

SUGAR is earning very little profit. Manufacturers will have to lump it.

A MAN who owed money visited all his creditors, telling them he couldn't settle up. He could only pay a call.



A RETIRED clown has opened a café. He can always make a good turn over.

WHEN is the best time to hear the nightingale? asks a correspondent. When it is singing.

THE modern open-air girl has plenty to say for herself. Won't be shut up.

AN English farmer makes his own rain. A bit of a come-down.

ALL birds are born architects, says a naturalist. How about the cuckoo?

MEN can live without money, says a writer. Provided they have wealthy relations.

A LADY complains that her hair comes out. It is bound to if she does.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

FIFTEEN Lancashire millworkers at Cromptons Mills, Shaw, have been there 50 years.

HALF-PENNIES and farthings saved by Kent Boy Scouts will enable them to entertain 300 unemployed youths at a summer camp.

## JUST AN IDEA

*We must find leisure for our people, certainly; but it is far more important to teach them to use leisure well.*

## Old Rooftrees

By Our Country Girl

THE old stone roofs of Dorset,  
The old thatched roofs of Kent,  
The old tiled roofs of Sussex  
Awake, and are content.  
For round the roofs of England  
The Spring is flooding now  
And stirs in ancient timbers  
As well as living bough.

THE apple lays her blossom  
Against their rugged eaves,  
The lilac swings her tassels  
Above the tender leaves.  
So well the Sun has warmed them,  
So loud the birds have sung,  
They surely wake, remembering  
The days when they were young

LONG since those tiles were  
quarried,  
Long since those rafters green,  
Where oxen went a-ploughing  
The tractor now is seen,  
The distant wooded valley  
Has turned to smoky town,  
Where Lovers Lane went winding  
The buses thunder down.

YES, all the world has altered,  
And men they loved have died;  
And so on windy midnights  
Old homes have moaned and  
sighed.  
But now they are not lonely:  
An old friend comes their way,  
Unchanged in generations  
The dear, dear face of May.

## A Song of Joy

Joy! cried the Lupins  
In blue-spined array.  
Joy! cried Laburnum  
With tassels a-sway.  
The sweet Lilac scented  
The warm evening air,  
And Love-in-the-Mist laughed  
Through tangled green hair.

Joy! cried the Larkspur  
In soldierly blue.  
Joy! cried the Lily  
And Lavender too.  
Every flower laughed  
And was merry and gay  
When Child-of-my-Heart  
Ran among them to play.

Estelle Boughton

## Somebody's Hint

CHARACTER is the greatest force in the world, whatever our engineers may believe.

We heard the other day of a poor man, X, who proposed to do business with another poor man, Y.

"Can he give you guarantees?" asked X's banker.

"I hardly like to ask," was the reply. "He's honest and hardworking; but it will mean a great struggle at first. Mr Z told me to go ahead; he was sure it would be all right."

At once the banker's face cleared. "Oh, then I shouldn't worry. A hint from Z is as good as a bond from anyone else."

Could there be a prouder tribute, even in the most flowery of 18th-century epitaphs?



## EYES FOR THE BLIND

### A MIRACLE INDEED

Seeing the World For the First Time at Over Thirty

### SOMETHING NEVER KNOWN BEFORE

Since blind Bartimeus was divinely restored to sight the world has known no miracle performed like that which, in a London hospital, has given a blind woman new eyes to see.

She had been blind since she was a baby two weeks old, more than thirty years ago, and when she came to the London Ophthalmic Hospital last November she had long renounced any possibility of being able to see. Her eyes were just sensible to changes of light; but, being a woman of great intelligence, she had taught herself reading by Braille and had taught many others.

#### Delicate Operations

She agreed to submit herself to one of the most delicate operations in surgery that can be imagined, and, strangely enough, two other patients, all unknown to themselves, assisted to make it possible. The operating surgeon, Mr Tudor Thomas, proposed to graft on to her unseeing eyes two healthy corneas from eyes which, for imperative reasons, had been removed from other patients.

Two very thin membranes, about a fifth of an inch wide, were sewn with hair-like threads to the sightless eyes. Two operations were performed, in November of last year and January of this, and now it is at last declared that they have been successful. For months the eyes were bandaged, and now sight has come, but the woman still has to learn to see.

In the New Testament story the blind man restored to sight saw men as trees walking. Eyes that have never seen, as this woman's never have since the beginning of the century, cannot identify objects set before them. Such objects convey no meaning to the brain, which even in early childhood, when eyes are normal, has to learn shape and distance and colour. Moreover, the muscles of the eyes have to be taught, so as to focus objects correctly.

#### Her Greatest Difficulty

All this is new knowledge to the woman whose eyes were unbandaged a little while ago. At the hospital she learns from blackboards, where there are pictures of ships and flowers and faces, what these things are.

Though she is learned in Braille, the shapes of letters are unfamiliar to her, and she has to learn the alphabet afresh.

Her greatest surprise does not come from symbolical figures like these, but from such composite things as faces or the bodies of cats and dogs. Nothing in her life has ever really conveyed to her the impression of a nose, a mouth, the shape of a head, though these, like other shapes, may have been known to her by the sense of touch. Even this sense of touch is a handicap, for blind people, learning the shapes of things by running their sensitive fingers up and down and round, are not conscious of the object as a whole. Her greatest difficulty, next to that of focussing for distance, is that of seeing a thing in the round.

#### A Miraculous Gift

What will her difficulties be when she goes out into the open country, to behold the fields, the trees, the clouds, the far horizon? Great care has to be exercised, at any rate for the present, in exposing her to those daylight rays to which she has been nearly all her life insensitive. She has been out several times, and in a double way finds she cannot take it all in at once.

Nor, we may humbly say, can we take it all in at once, this miracle of the gift of eyes and sight.

Opening out before us is a vision to dazzle every eye, of a day when there shall be no more blind.

## IS THE RED MAN LOSING HIS SKILL?

CIVILISATION appears to be robbing the American Indian of much of his ancient skill.

Several tribes of the Red Men were asked to a celebration commemorating the 75th anniversary of the founding of Kansas City on old Indian territory, and so many accepted the invitation that living quarters were scarce.

The committee in charge appealed to the Kansas City Boy Scouts, who came to the rescue with their largest and finest tepees, or wigwam-like tents.

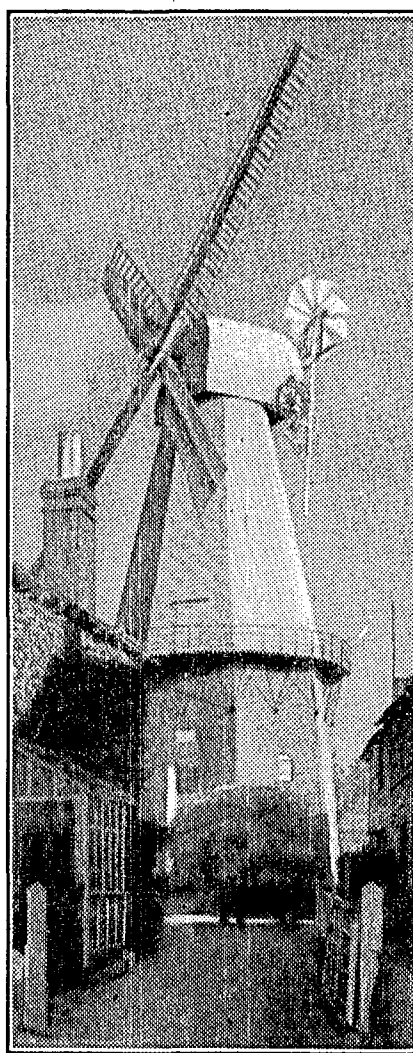
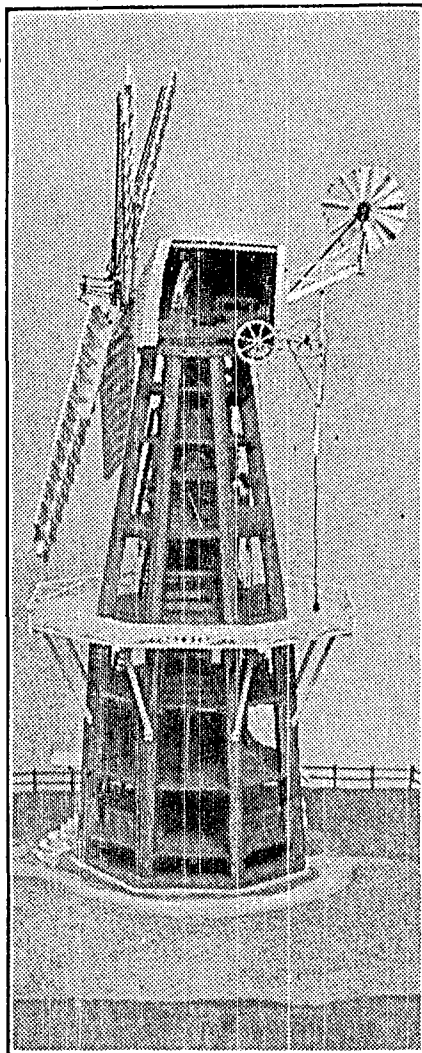
When the tents were delivered the Red Indians rather shamefacedly confessed that they had lost the art of erecting them. Of course the Scouts set them up. On another day an archery contest,

open to Palefaces as well as Indian visitors, took place. To the astonishment of everybody the Indian contestants were completely outclassed by the white men.

The unexpected results of the archery contest caused much discussion, and brought forth from the white men many stories of the Red Men's skill with bow-and-arrow as recently as 40 years ago.

When the Red Indians used to come from their reservations into Kansas towns to make purchases and see the sights of civilisation, less than 50 years ago, they would hold the townspeople spellbound with bow-and-arrow feats. They could hit a coin tossed into the air or split a straw with an arrow.

## A PEEP INSIDE A WINDMILL



Windmills are still familiar landmarks in our countryside, but how many people know what they are like inside? Here we show a windmill at Cranbrook in Kent and a working model showing the interior of it in the Science Museum at South Kensington.

## HAS DUNGENESS BEEN SAVED TOO LATE?

SOON we shall hope to hear whether any Kentish plovers have brought up families this year on the little bit of England Mr R. B. Burrowes bought for them.

By agreeing to pay £9000 in four years he saved their last nesting-place, the ten square miles of Dungeness shingle. Two instalments have already been paid, and the west and middle of Dungeness belong to Mr Burrowes and the plovers, but two more instalments are still to be met, and the public is not helping as Mr Burrowes hoped it would.

In the meantime he is not even sure whether the Kentish plover has not already been frightened off by the encroaching bungalows, though there are several other plovers of the thicknee or stone curlew variety on this stretch of shingle. If it is too late one more British bird is no longer British, for it has long been driven away from its other nesting-places in Kent and its occasional

very rare haunts in Sussex. But Mr Burrowes, who has retired from Liverpool City Technical Schools and set up his home on this unattractive peninsula to be near his birds, finds the sanctuary he has provided much appreciated by the terns and the gulls.

Among the common terns are a few Arctic ones and a pair or two of beautiful roseate species. Among the herring gulls are a few black-headed gulls, while the more usual shore birds are there in numbers—oyster-catchers, herons, wild geese, kestrels, sparrow-hawks, and red-legged partridges. Ruffs, garganey ducks, black-tailed godwits, greenshanks have been seen here, and two very rare visitors are the hen-harrier and the rock-thrush.

We hope someone will help Mr Burrowes with the next instalments, for it should not be left to one man's enthusiasm to save a unique bird sanctuary like this for England.

## TIBET IN HER SOLITUDE

THE DARK AGES ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

Black Superstition and Terrible Cruelty Hand in Hand

### TRAGIC FATE OF A SOLDIER

From Tibet, isolated in her solitudes on the Roof of the World, comes a story of black superstition reaching back to the Middle Ages.

A man, cultured, able, rich, and versed in the ways and inventions of the civilisation of the West, has been blinded by his political opponents on an accusation of practising magic.

He is Kusho Lungshar, till last year Commander-in-Chief of Tibet, one of the favourites of the late Dalai Lama, and one of the three men to whom progressive minds among the Tibetans looked as their leaders. He came to England in charge of four boys who were sent to learn in English schools, and one of them became a skilful engineer.

#### A Melting-Pot of Intrigue

His decline began just before the death of the failing Dalai Lama, which threw Tibet into the melting-pot of intrigue. There were several who sought to seize the reigns of power in the interval before some unknown infant Dalai Lama, selected by Tibet's innumerable priests, should come of age. The struggle was complicated by the fact that the old Dalai Lama had by his brain and wisdom been able to keep to himself both spiritual and political power.

After his death there were at least three candidates for influence. One was the young nephew of the Dalai Lama, who was Prime Minister and nominally king. The others were Kusho Lungshar, the soldier, and Kumbela, a young monk of humble origin, who by sheer ability and personality had made himself indispensable. A fourth person, and a strong man, is Tsarong, also a soldier who had earned the Dalai Lama's gratitude, and who, like Lungshar, had strengthened his influence by distributing wealth among the monasteries.

#### The Papers in the Boots

So the stage was set for conflict. Lungshar, apparently confident of his influence in the monasteries, committed himself to an attack on the Government. The Regent, suspecting the growth of a dangerous conspiracy, summoned him to the capital last month. He vainly resisted arrest, and was sentenced to degradation, and here we arrive at an almost incredible story of superstition.

In Tibet degradation takes the form of stripping high officials of their special dress, the gold charm-box which binds the hair, and the boots. When Lungshar's boots were removed a piece of paper fell from each. He swallowed one, but the other was found to bear the name of a high Government official.

It is a Tibetan belief that terrible injury can be inflicted by laying spells against an enemy and trampling his name underfoot. It is a kind of magic comparable to murder, and the Regent and the high officials supporting him supposed their names were written on the paper the offender swallowed.

#### Lungshar's Fate Sealed

Following Lungshar's arrest, his son, his supporters, and finally a deputation of monks came to demand his release. They were told the whole story about the papers in the boots and decided that nothing more could be done.

The unfortunate Lungshar's fate was sealed, and his supporters began to fall away from him, four of them actually, confessing to a murderous plot the upshot of which would have been to get Lungshar into power. Less than a week afterwards Lungshar's eyes were put out, a terrible act of political vengeance, recalling the old days of superstition and cruelty in our own country.



## BOY BUILDS A HOUSE FOR HIS MOTHER

LEIF HANSEN'S FEAT  
Putting Up a Home in His  
Spare Time

### BRICKS BY LANTERN LIGHT

At a recent distribution of medals in Copenhagen to clever and deserving tradesmen's apprentices a young mason named Leif Hansen was awarded, alone among 109 fledgling masons, a silver medal for a bit of wall built in proof of his skill.

Had the judges had a chance of seeing what else he has been building lately they must have felt like changing the silver medal to a golden one, for to that piece of work there went very much more than mere skill.

#### A Great Idea

A little over a year ago Leif Hansen had a great idea. He would build with his own hands a home for his father and mother to live in. They had a little plot of ground in one of Copenhagen's garden suburbs, and here he started digging the foundations of the house last summer. He could only work in his spare time, of course, after he had finished his day's task for his employer; and much of that time had to be snatched from sleep.

Leif's father, who is a tram conductor, tells how, returning from his own long day's work, as late as one in the morning sometimes, he would have to go in search of "the boy," and find him laying bricks by lantern light, having lost all count of time. Working single-handed he yet managed to put up the roof before the winter cold set in.

Now he has got so far that in another month's time the pretty red-brick villa, with its inviting porch, cosy balcony, and shining black-tiled roof, will be ready for habitation.

#### Proud Mrs Hansen

It is reversing the order of Nature for the young to build the nest for the parents; but how proud old Mrs Hansen will be when she sits knitting, for all the neighbours to see, on the balcony her son's skill and industry called into being! And how she and Mr Hansen will love idling in the porch on a summer afternoon, planning out a brilliant career for their young apprentice who has begun life so promisingly! If ever there was blessing on a home, and happiness lurking in every corner of it, that home should be the Hansen's new red-brick villa.

At the distribution of the awards the chairman urged the successful apprentices to say a "Thank you" in their hearts to all who had helped them so far, "not least to their mothers at home." Leif Hansen needed no such counsel, for he had already said his "Thank you," more eloquently than any mere words could compass, in bricks and mortar.

## ENEMIES BECOMING FRIENDS

### Girl Guides Heal Old Wounds

The Girl Guide Movement is making history in Africa.

Two tribes living at a distance of 180 miles from each other have been enemies for centuries. But they will not be so any longer.

Each tribe has its Girl Guide company, and they decided this year to have a joint camp. The invitation was sent from tribe number one. The Guides of tribe number two responded and walked the whole 180 miles for a fortnight's fellowship. The shyness of the first few hours was soon broken, as with their English leaders they joined in preparing the common meal and helping the old people in the village. In doing their good deeds, such as cutting firewood for the old folk and digging in the garden, they soon became friends.

## UMBRELLAS FOR THE CURRANTS

### An Order From Greece For Lancashire

The Currant Office of Athens wants seven million yards of Lancashire cloth.

As England's chief import from Greece consists of currants it seems a good idea that English cloth should be used to protect the bushes from rain when the fruit is getting ripe. Greece produced over 180,000 tons of currants last year, and the hundreds of growers have previously, each bought their own material. Now one buyer is to act for them all.

Lancashire obtained the order in face of keen competition from other countries. Delivery is to be made in January 1935, in time for next season's crop, and will be divided among several manufacturers.

Soon, when we are enjoying currant cakes, we shall be able to think that the bringing of the currants to perfection meant employment for many Lancashire clothworkers.

## CUSTOMS LIKE A BOND OF STEEL

### The Natives They Hold in Their Grip

Tribal customs die hard and they add not a little to the difficulty of ruling native peoples in the Empire. They hold backward natives in their grip as in a bond of steel.

One more example of all this has just occurred in Natal. A native chief was seeking to extend his power over his people, and for this purpose asked two witch doctors to supply him with medicine made from a human body. A victim was necessary, and the chief persuaded a man to sell to him his invalid son for £6 and ten oxen. A feast was held, the young man killed, and the medicine was prepared.

But the British Governor heard of this and arrested the father and the natives concerned, with the result that they have been tried and sentenced to death.

## LET THERE BE LIGHT

### A Town Gives Thanks

We have so often heard of bankrupt towns in America that it is a pleasure to learn of one with a good round sum in the bank.

Middletown in Delaware is so sound financially that it has felt moved to make a thank-offering for having been spared the dishonesty and mismanagement that have brought other localities to ruin.

And what more appropriate place to make this offering than the church? The six churches and chapels of Middletown are, henceforward, to receive their electricity free of charge. With an outstanding debt of only £12,000 and a bank balance of £8,400, Middletown feels that it can afford to make this contribution to the institution which teaches the principles that have saved it from New York's and Chicago's sad plight.

## AN INVITATION

### Teachers and Students To Visit Oberammergau

The Municipality of Oberammergau has generously invited 2000 teachers, students, and senior scholars from secondary schools of the British Empire to a performance of the Passion Play on August 10.

A short conference on International Goodwill is to be held in connection with this performance, and it is hoped the inspiration of the visit will do much to foster good feeling between nations. Railways are offering special facilities, and any teachers who would like to go should apply to the Secretary of the National Council of Education of Canada at 2 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.

## BEES LOVE THE SWEET

### A Strange Happening in New Zealand

Bees intent on raiding the syrup vats have caused great trouble at the sugar refining works in a suburb of Auckland in New Zealand.

Only once before has this refinery known such extensive raids.

Everyone knows that bees like sweet things. They sip the nectar from flowers and store it up in the form of honey in their hives. During winter, when there are no flowers in bloom, some beekeepers will place sugar or syrup by the hives to keep the bees from perishing.

The millions of bees which raided the sugar refinery were resentful of any attempts by the workmen to drive them away. The workmen were clad in the lightest of clothing because of the great heat, so they suffered many stings, and blue bags were in great demand.

Thousands, or millions, of bees were drowned in the syrup vats, and great care had to be taken to remove the victims before the process of refining the sugar could be completed.

## 30 PICTURES FOR A GALLERY

### Mr Tidmarsh To the Guildhall

Mr H. E. Tidmarsh, the well-known artist, has given 30 water-colour paintings of London City Churches to the Guildhall Art Gallery. They are some of his best work, and he believes they will be useful to students and others.

Although they were painted between 1895 and 1927 London is changing so fast that some of them already show scenes which are past and gone. For instance, the houses in front of St Giles's, Cripplegate, have vanished since he painted them, as has the entrance to the old Bluecoat School, now at Horsham.

Many interesting pieces of information are written on the pictures which will be appreciated by foreign and colonial visitors; and not many Londoners know that the fine tower of St Michael's, Cornhill, was built when Wren was 90.

## A SCHOOL AERODROME

### The First in England?

Bryanston School is to have its own aerodrome, and the boys are building it themselves.

The school stands just outside Blandford, one of Dorset's pleasantest market towns. An aerodrome is the last thing one would expect to find in this place of the dreamy river and the inn where Mr Weller might have pulled up a coach.

But times change. Bryanston is one of England's youngest public schools. Several of the parents have already visited it by aeroplane, and the aerodrome is chiefly for their use.

Two of the masters are certified pilots, and so is one of the boys, but flying is not going to be taught as a school subject! Bryanston may be new, but it is not new-fangled, as the country folk would say.

## THE BLIND MAN AND THE PENSIONERS

We fear that no longer will old age pensioners of Ashby-de-la-Zouch in Leicestershire receive a surprise Christmas box of ten shillings each.

For 20 years a Christmas card and a ten-shilling note have dropped into their letter-boxes, and they never knew who to thank till the unknown friend died the other day and death revealed his name.

He was Mr W. J. Hardy of Esher, Surrey, who before the war had been a colliery owner in Leicestershire; and he was blind.

## TOUR OF THE YEAR

### A GENEVA SUCCESS

### 300 People in a Spectacle of the Wonder of the Seasons

### THE WAY TO BE HAPPY

We have been on a trip through the seasons at Geneva, a lovely trip.

The idea grew and blossomed in the mind and heart of that great lover of children and music and song M. Jaques-Dalcroze until we had the joy and privilege of watching the wonderful journey through the year on the stage of the Grand Theatre at Geneva. Three hundred happy folk took part, of whom 130 were children from the primary schools, trained in their rhythmic classes to use their minds and bodies freely in response to music.

And what a medley of joys the seasons brought to the boys and girls who set out to find in them the beauty of change, the delight of passing from one to the other, ready to let one go in order to enjoy the next!

#### A Radiant Butterfly

They chose to begin with the summer and found themselves extremely hot. But what matter? They visited the mountains with the climbers, the lake with the bathers, the hayfields with the haymakers, dancing and singing from one to the other until, out from an enormous caterpillar emerged a radiant butterfly to flit daintily among the gorgeous human flowers. Then came the evening, the night of August 1, Switzerland's birthday, with a bonfire lighted on a mountain-top, and in the dusk, swaying back and forth, the dim figures of the children, each with a lighted lantern swinging.

With autumn school began again, but that was a happy thing after the long holidays. In the woods the leaves fell and human rabbits skipped about and took their revenge on those who turned their guns on them, catching them and spanking them hard. Loveliest of all the autumn happenings was the departure of the swallows, dancers with outstretched arms for pointed wings, shining black, white-breasted, darting and fluttering, collecting for breath and setting off on their long flight. Who but Dalcroze could accomplish this? Or who but he could make joyous song and dance out of rain and umbrellas?

#### A Riot of Sports

Winter followed, and what a riot of sports, all on the stage at the same time! Ski-ing, skating, snowballing, a huge snowman, and dozens of snow children. But other things happen too in the winter. Out of the pages of an immense picture-book, came, all alive and kicking, Puss-in-Boots, Mickey Mouse, Charlie Chaplin, and a special Swiss favourite who rode away on a live donkey. Father Christmas followed with his gifts, but most original of all the winter joys was the waking of the orchestra after its summer sleep. Human instruments, cello and violin, drum, cymbals, and flute, all came to life again to play their lively part in making the dull days pass.

Finally came spring, and in that lay all the hope of the pageant:

*Keep your faces bright, children. What matter if things seem dark today? Seek the good, the true, the beautiful; know that it exists, live in it, and bring all those you love into it with you, just by loving them and wanting them to be happy with you.*

That was Dalcroze's message to all the world as well as to the children. Geneva may fail at some things, but gloriously she succeeds at others.

One thousand new towns, each with not more than 10,000 inhabitants, are planned for Germany during the next 20 years.

The London Library, wanting more young members, has suspended its entrance fee to all under 30.



June 23, 1934

The Children's Newspaper

9

# MONKEY ON A STICK · FOREST FIRE LOOK-OUT · PAINTING A MAST



Monkey on a Stick—The old-fashioned toy, which only grown-ups remember, is recalled by this picture from the Chessington Zoo in Surrey.



Watching For Fires—The Forestry Commission has built an observation post in a thickly-wooded part of the Wye Valley at Trelleck in which a watchman with a telephone keeps a look-out for fires.



Above the Marble Arch—The balcony of a new London apartment building commands an extensive view of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, with Marble Arch and the traffic roundabout in the foreground.



Aerial See-Saw—A plank balanced in the ironwork provides seats for the men who are painting one of the aerial masts on Broadcasting House.



Bailing and Bailing—Two young sailors at Harwich have to bail their dinghy as well as sail her, for a choppy sea sends showers of spray aboard.



All In Together—Swimming-pools are usually crowded on warm summer days. Here is a merry group of bathers caught by the camera at the open-air baths on Tooting Bec Common.



## THESE FOUR TWO PAIRS OF HAPPY PEOPLE

How To Find Life Good Even  
in the Great Depression

### BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF TRANSYLVANIA

We have been hearing from our Hungarian correspondent of a pair of brothers and a pair of sisters who, unlike in most other things, are alike in the bond which unites the members of each pair.

The brothers, bachelors both, are 71 and 73, and live in a rambling old house in a rambling old garden in an out-of-the-way corner of that most out-of-the-way country called Transylvania.

Far from the madding crowd they are happy and contented in a world which few find to their liking, and the secret of their content, apart from their satisfaction in each other's company, is that they have centred their interest on lasting values. They never open a newspaper, but they read and love the classics and any good new scientific work they can get hold of, in English, German, French, or Russian.

#### In Their Leisure Hours

In the leisure hours between sunrise and sunset they have had time to teach themselves these and a few other languages, including Esperanto. They have as many hobbies between them as there are flowers in their garden. Astronomy, botany, bee-keeping, fruit-growing, electricity, and all the latest technical inventions claim their passionate interest. In bee-keeping and fruit-growing they are experts and pioneers whose advice is sought all over the land.

But they are also clever with their hands in the making of ingenious things, from exquisitely-wrought chains carved out of a single piece of bone or wood to trays and platters set together of many hundred pieces. They do not sell their work, though it has brought them much praise at exhibitions, preferring to give it away to friends. They can afford this proud sacrifice, for, though their resources are little, they are rich because their wants are few and simple.

The two sisters are in their early twenties, and they, too, are finding the world a pleasant place to live in. They were born in the same hour and have never been apart since, so they have never known real loneliness; and the gift of good looks and lovely voices was laid into the cradle of both.

#### Descendants of Purcell

Descendants, on their mother's side, of our famous English Purcell (though they, too, are Transylvanians) they are musical in every fibre, and were already called the Singing Twins when they sat as tiny tots on their father's knee.

Hard work and the best of teaching have developed their voices so that they have a name in the musical world. One of them obtained, not long ago, an engagement at the Royal Opera House in Budapest, while the other has good hopes of a similar post before long. Meanwhile they work and play together and help each other, as good twins should, over the stiles of doubt and discouragement which all artists must encounter.

We record their stories in these depressing days because they tell us that the recipe for being happy seems still the old one: hard work, a mind open to all beauty, and a companion to care for.

### Your Share of the Peace of the World

For 11s a year you may send the  
C.N. each week to any child on Earth

## THE WORD OF PROUD CORTES

Kept Long Enough

### MEXICO STOPS AN ANCIENT PENSION

The Supreme Court of Mexico has decided that no more pensions shall be paid to descendants of Moctezuma.

Moctezuma the Second, or Montezuma as he is known to English-speaking people, was one of the last few emperors of the old Aztec nation exterminated by Cortes, the great Spanish adventurer and warrior, when he conquered the Aztec Empire.

Owing to his great superstition and a belief in an Aztec prophecy which declared that a white man out of the East would conquer Mexico Moctezuma felt it was hopeless to fight against Hernando Cortes and the gods. Because of this many of the Aztec princes and citizens considered him a coward. Cortes captured him by trickery, but one of his own subjects wounded the king with a stone flung from a sling, and Moctezuma died from the wound.

#### The Question in Congress

Cortes arranged for pensions to be paid to Moctezuma's children and their descendants, and the pensions were to be perpetual. The descendants, as time went on, became numerous, and more and more pensions had to be paid by the Spanish Government, and later by the Mexican Government when Mexico became independent.

Not long ago, 400 years after the death of Moctezuma, the question of these burdensome pensions was raised in Mexico's Congress. Many of the members, seeking to reduce Budget costs, argued that as Moctezuma had been a coward his descendants did not deserve pensions, and that they should be stopped. Moctezuma's descendants, scores in number, went to law to secure the continuance of their pensions, but they have lost their case. Mexico has decided that she has kept the promise made by Cortes quite long enough.

## OLD ENGLAND ALIVE AGAIN

### Colour in a Crafts Tent

By a Visitor to a Show

The prettiest colours of three counties were crowded into an Arts and Crafts Tent at the Bath and West Show. You might have thought you had strayed into a flower tent by mistake. Such is the effect of hand-loom weaving, home dyeing, and spinning.

"No one can help being happy handling such lovely colours," said one of the stallholders, giving us as she spoke a rare glimpse into the secret of craft work, in which so many things make for happiness. Apart from colour and texture there is the joy of doing the work oneself.

Into this class of workers fall spinners, weavers, woodcarvers, potters, smiths, all displaying their wares with great pride at this show and making hundreds of people long to do the same things themselves. People who could only admire seemed like the drones in this busy hive. When we turned from the gay colours we saw incredibly fine lacework made on pillows, soft toys for children, all most engaging to look at and fascinating to touch; and we thought how delightful it was that these activities should be spreading themselves over rural England and setting up a standard of beauty and usefulness which we only see either in a village craft shop or in a very expensive London store.

All the things were not small and handy by any means. There was that fire engine we were invited to buy, lifesize, so to speak, and with a lovely name, the Greenwich Salamander. We admired it heartily, but decided it would be rather heavy to take home.

## THE LEFT HAND

The Human Race Alone  
is One-Handed

### AMBIDEXTERITY

With summer and its open-air games the subject of the left-handed person comes up for discussion.

This year at Wimbledon will find Boussus, the famous left-hand French tennis player, with great prospects of winning the championship, and on the cricket field Frank Woolley of Kent proves that perfect grace can be maintained for many years by one who wields a bat left-handed.

Dr Charles Macalister of Liverpool has been investigating this question, and he states that the use of one hand only (left or right) is peculiar to the human species. The lower animals are ambidextrous, and fortunate indeed are those rare men and women who can use either hand with equal facility. We think of De Stefani, the Italian tennis champion, who can wield his racket with either hand. How interesting and unusual would be a contest at Wimbledon between him and Boussus!

#### A Mistake With Children

Dr Macalister points out that the majority of people in all nations are right-handed, and that the proportion of left-handed people in this country is a little over five per cent. As a rule left-handed people are normal in other bodily functions, but there are cases in which children in left-handed families have been born dumb.

He points out that it is a mistake to force a naturally left-handed boy or girl to use the right hand when they would naturally use the left, for such an inhibition may lead to a nervous disease like stammering.

The reason for this is probably that the half of the brain which controls the side of the body most frequently used is more developed than the opposite half of the brain. Owing to the fact that the nerves from brain to body cross, it is the right half of the brain which is most developed in left-handed people. The left lung of a right-handed person and the right lung of a left-handed person are the most seriously affected in inflammation of that organ, and chilblains are more troublesome on the hand which is used less.

The moral of the whole question seems to be that ambidexterity should be encouraged in children. It is bound to add to their grace.

## JOHN RYAN'S PUNISHMENT

### Another Sort of Justice

It is curious how general the idea has become that every man who takes a life should at least go to prison, if he escapes a harsher penalty.

In feudal times people had other ideas. The law of manbote permitted the payment of damages to the person most injured by a man's death.

It is this principle that Judge Coyle of White Plains, New York, has revived in sentencing unfortunate John Ryan.

For 27 years John Ryan had been one of the most respected and trusted of the repair men of the New York Telephone Company. He was a good husband and father. Then, at Christmastime last year, he "went on a little party" with his friend Charles Hadden. They had too much to drink, and alcohol, as our C.N. slogan says, was bad for them. A quarrel arose. John struck Charles Hadden, who lost his balance, fell, and struck his head on the kerb. The blow fractured his skull and he died.

Must John Ryan go to prison? Judge Coyle has said No. But he must not touch a drop of beer, wine, or spirits for five years, and during that time he must send Mrs Hadden £3 a week for the support of her three children.

## THE MISSING MUSIC

Strange Discovery of a  
Haydn Composition

### A GERMAN LECTURER'S EXPERIENCE

We all know what it feels like to mislay an important letter or a favourite thimble and search for it distractedly for days till, having resigned ourselves to the loss of the elusive object, we suddenly come upon it in a forgotten pocket or a crease in the sofa cover.

It is something of the same sort which has lately happened to the eminent German scholar of musical history Professor Adolf Sandberger, who went to Sweden to lecture on unknown Haydn manuscripts and incidentally found there, tucked away on a shelf of the Musical Museum of Stockholm, a very well-known manuscript score for which he and other music experts had been hunting for years and had sadly given up as lost for ever.

The score is that of a musical piece for viol, cello, and baryton, written by Haydn for the Hungarian Prince Esterhazy to whom Haydn was conductor of music and composer in the second half of the 18th century. The baryton is an instrument, now fallen into disuse, like a big violin, with six catgut strings and ten made of steel.

#### Retrieved For the World

Prince Esterhazy loved to play on it and set Haydn to compose special music for it. This particular piece, which is a peculiarly valuable one for students of Haydn's music, disappeared long ago from the Esterhazy library, where all the original scores of the great master are treasured, and had been entered as missing in the library catalogue. For decades it has haunted the imagination of the learned and been mourned as an irreparable loss to the world of music; and now, by the purest chance, Professor Sandberger has come upon it in Stockholm, still dressed in the sumptuous gold-tooled red morocco which Prince Esterhazy thought only just good enough for the compositions of his favourite musician.

How it got there, by what mysterious paths it travelled from a prince's private library in Hungary to a public museum in Stockholm, will probably be a secret for ever, but the important thing is that, though lost to the Esterhazy family, it has been retrieved for the world at large.

## A GAY LITTLE BOOK WITH A PURPOSE

*Rhymes for Speech Training.* By Freda Parsons. 5s.

This is a gay little book, and the pictures are as bright and amusing as the rhymes.

Who would have thought these verses to be exercises written for children with defective speech, composed of words chosen specially for their sounds and consonants? Their rhythm and movement will appeal to a far wider audience of boys and girls.

Many of the everyday experiences of a child are woven into the rhymes:

*Hipperty poo!*

*Hipperty poo!*

*I've got a big stone in my shoe*

is an example. There are little rhymed stories, and more than once a touch of poetry in lines such as

*Stone! Stone! Stone!*

*Bone of the Earth's bone!*

*Age! Old! Stone!*

By her pioneer work in overcoming defects of speech and in curing stammering Miss Parsons has changed many sad lives. In schools and at the Birmingham Children's Hospital, where about a hundred children a year are treated, she has brought about wonderful results.

The book may be obtained from the author, 14 Harborne Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.



## LOOK FOR ALTAIR A UNIT IN OUR SOLAR STAR-CLUSTER A Small Eddy in a Vast Stream of Suns SPEEDING THROUGH SPACE

By the G.N. Astronomer

A sun not very much larger than our own and one of the nearest to us, may now be seen almost due east as soon as it is dark.

This sun is Altair. It appears as a star of the first magnitude, but is not nearly so bright as Vega, which is high up and almost overhead. At about 10.30 Altair is one-third of the way up from the horizon toward Vega, and cannot be mistaken.

Directly above Altair is Gamma in Aquila, at about four times the Moon's apparent width away; while below Altair, at about six times the Moon's width away, is the fainter Beta in Aquila. These stars are much farther off than Altair, Beta being 43 light-years distant, while Gamma's light takes 97 years to reach us. These stars, with Altair, present an almost straight line, though moonlight will interfere with their visibility at the beginning of the week.

### The Light From Altair

Altair is now the nearest of all the bright stars visible in Britain, its light, according to the latest measurements, taking 16 years to reach us; and though Alpha Centauri, Sirius, and Procyon are bright stars, much nearer, being respectively 4.3, 8.8, and 10.5 light-years distant, they are not at present visible.

There are about 20 small faint stars which are nearer than Altair, and these, together with Sirius, Procyon, and Alpha Centauri, form a distinct cluster of suns. Sirius is the largest and, as might be expected therefore, the youngest of this group of suns. All are considerably advanced in stellar evolution, the smaller members being very much advanced toward the red dying-down stage; these require powerful telescopic aid to perceive them.

### Altair and Sirius

Altair is somewhat more advanced than Sirius; it is less radiant in itself and smaller, with a diameter calculated to be about 1,200,000 miles, as compared with our Sun's 864,000 miles and about 1,600,000 for Sirius. Nevertheless Sirius, owing to its greater surface temperature of about 11,200 degrees Centigrade and therefore greater brilliance, radiates about 32 times more light than our Sun; while Altair, with an average temperature of about 8600 degrees Centigrade, radiates about nine times more light. Our Sun has a surface temperature averaging about 5500 degrees Centigrade, and the small dying suns are only about 2000 degrees.

We may visualise our Sun as somewhere near the centre of this open cluster (as it is called), only seven of its stars being visible to the naked eye notwithstanding the proximity of the group. This cluster forms part of a vast star stream which is composed of many of the more distant and much larger stars visible to the naked eye.

### In Thousands of Millions

Our solar cluster might be likened to a small eddy in a vast stream of waters in which suns, many of them of colossal dimensions, roll on in thousands, in orderly progression, as part of still vaster swirls in which the suns are to be counted in millions; these, as it were, far-flung concentrations of radiant energy together forming a still grander array in which suns in thousands of millions pour forth their life-giving radiance and energy, a minute portion of which we individually share.

The vast host rotates about a centre many thousands of light-years distant from most of its suns; and at the same time the whole of this colossal concourse is speeding through illimitable space at a terrific rate of some hundreds of miles a second.

G. F. M.

## THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS Bruce at Bannockburn JUNE 24, 1314

This, perhaps the most famous of Scottish national songs, represents what Robert Bruce might have said to his troops before the Battle of Bannockburn, near Stirling, where they defeated the forces of Edward the Second.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;  
See the front o' battle lower!  
See approach proud Edward's power:  
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
By your sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!  
Let us do or die!

Robert Burns

## OLD FOGIES OF THE MACHINE WORLD Too Many in Lancashire

A controversy is proceeding on the age of Lancashire's cotton machinery.

What seems a careful survey was given by Mr J. Ryan in the Economic Journal in 1930, when 200 mills were examined, including 20 million spindles, or about a third of the spinning plant of the industry, and 50,000 looms, or about one in fourteen of the weaving machines.

Taking important branches of the machinery in use the following percentages were found to be of older make than 1910:

Opening machinery 55 per cent,  
carding machines 69, mules 77, ring frames 62, looms 68.

The automatic looms in use were only one in twenty of the whole. High-speed winding was found to be almost negligible in amount.

All of which seems to demand the earnest attention of both the industry and the legislature. We cannot lower our wages to the Japanese level; we can and must use the latest and best appliances.

The lessons to be learned by Lancashire, it appears to the friendly observer, may be summed-up in three words: Modernise, Organise, Cooperate.

## MORE BANK HOLIDAYS? Pay Should Go With Them

There is an agitation in favour of increasing the number of Bank Holidays.

Many people advocate the establishment of another between Whit Monday and the August Bank Holiday. Certainly it is true that, with the growth of productive power, we can better afford holidays. Already we have power to produce more goods than we can distribute.

It is forgotten, however, that most workpeople earn money by time or piecework, and that a Bank Holiday for them means No Pay. Here and there good employers pay wages for holidays, but it is rare. If, therefore, we set up more holidays we must also provide for payment for holiday-time. It is a poor sort of holiday that leaves a family without money.

## WHIPSNADÉ'S FIRST TAPIR A HORNED ANTELOPE IN HIGH SPIRITS Motherly Old Cow Takes It in Hand

### QUAINT CREATURE FOR THE ZOO

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The baby tapir born in Regent's Park last summer has been sent to the country zoo for a holiday. This is the first tapir to be exhibited at Whipsnade.

Another animal born at the Zoo last year, a scimitar-horned oryx antelope, has also gone to Whipsnade. This antelope was rather too high-spirited for the London Gardens, for it had a habit of careering madly round and round its den; and as it frequently hit the bars it was feared that it might injure itself. It was accordingly decided to try it at Whipsnade. It was beginning its antics there, but one of the Afrikander cattle adopted it, and it has now joined the herd and is behaving well.

The motherly cow causes much amusement by the way she tenderly licks the head of her protégé.

### An Eccentric-Looking Animal

Other new attractions at Whipsnade are four litters of wolf cubs, six baby woodchuck, and two baby antelopes.

After an interval of nine years the pangolin, or scaly ant-eater, is again represented at the Zoo, one of these eccentric-looking animals having arrived from the Gold Coast.

It is a valuable addition to the Zoo collection of queer creatures, and will no doubt attract plenty of attention, for it looks like an animated fir-cone.

It is about three feet long, and has a thin, tapering head, a shapeless body, smooth legs, and a long tail; and as it is completely encased in an armour-plating of overlapping scales it is by no means easy to distinguish its head from its tail.

The general effect suggests a reptile, but the pangolin is a mammal, and when angry or disturbed will roll itself into a neat ball like a hedgehog. The feet are equipped with strong claws on each of the four legs, which turn backward, and these claws enable the creature to dig with remarkable speed.

Another of the accomplishments of the pangolin is climbing: it will attempt to climb anything—and usually succeeds. For food this animal is given a mixture of finely-minced meat and ant-eggs.

### Some Interesting Chicks

There is now hope of the Zoo having some interesting chicks in the ostrich house, for a pair of Stanley cranes have become the proud owners of two eggs.

Both cranes are guarding the eggs, and anyone who dares to stare at their precious possession is treated to a display of marked indignation; indeed, to approach the birds would be dangerous.

So far Stanley cranes have never bred in the Gardens. Two years ago this pair was sent to Whipsnade. Then the cock bird began to attack every creature he met. He ended by killing a valuable stork, and he and his mate were sent back to the Zoo in disgrace.

### THE WISE OLD CROW

Not every crow and rook is wise enough to move house before the tree falls, as a reader lately gave us proof; but yet another instance of that strange foreboding of disaster which comes to some of these birds has been seen in Ogmores Vale, Glamorgan.

For 90 years crows have built their nests in the branches of a lofty oak 200 years old. A short time ago they moved to another tree, and a week later their old home tottered in a slight breeze and fell with a crash.

The wise old crows looked on and cawed triumphantly.



## Every Mother knows the Best Health Beverage

THE health of her children is one of the chief concerns of every mother. That is why, in countless thousands of homes, "Ovaltine" is the regular daily beverage.

"Ovaltine" is the ideal beverage for children because it supplies, in an easily digestible form, the food elements which are not present in sufficient quantities in the ordinary daily dietary. It makes good the energy they spend so prodigally all day long, and it builds up brain, nerves and body.

Long practical experience has proved that there is nothing to equal "Ovaltine" for maintaining health and vitality.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from the highest qualities of malt, milk and eggs. Unlike imitations, it does not contain any Household Sugar to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. Furthermore, "Ovaltine" does not contain Starch, nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa.

# OVALTINE

## Hot or Cold

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland  
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.



## THE RUNNYMEDE EPIC

### A PAGEANT OF OUR LAND OF FREEDOM

Eighteen Hundred Years in an Afternoon

### A DREAM COME TRUE

The name of Runnymede is one to conjure with; but only a great visionary could have dreamed that it could conjure up such vivid beauty as its Pageant flung across the smiling acres of that ancient Runing Mede.

Truly, as Gwen Lally, the Pageant Master, says, "A dream came true, and for a brief space the Romance of History lived among us."

Runnymede means but one thing to most people—the final conflict between King John and his barons that produced the Great Charter. But, as Sir Charles Collett said, there is more to come. The world is crying now for another People's Charter, ensuring that no man shall hold for selfish gain natural bounties meant for all.

### The Gates of Fairyland

The breeze brought first the scent of hawthorn, then the clear bugle's note; and far across the green wide gates swung open upon a fairy dell. Out danced myriads of flowers and butterflies, bearing along the Spirit of Thames, on her reedy float, to speak the Prologue.

In her wake flocked Early Britons, with unkempt hair, dressed in colourful homespuns and the skins of wild beasts. We saw them at their work, weaving, making pots, tending fires, preparing food, minding babies, until the shining columns of the Roman Legionaries harried them, amid an exciting going and coming in chariots.

Next, the black-robed monks of the Abbey of Chertsey tilled the fields, leading ordered lives, civilising the Anglo-Saxons. Then up the Thames sailed a Viking fleet. The Danes, in horned helmets, advanced, felled the brave abbot, and set fire to the Abbey, to be cowed in the end by a huge, charred cross that loomed above the wreckage.

### The Great Scene

The third was the great scene of King John faced by his determined barons and churchmen. Five of the actors took the rôles of their ancestors, dressed in exact replicas of their suits of mail.

It was all very homely. A crowd of local inhabitants had gathered to see the ceremony. Children scuffled and tumbled on the outskirts, while King John sullenly set his seal to his promise to *rule henceforth by law*. Robert Fitzwalter, leader of the barons, received the document, and a great cheer went up. The foundation of our Constitution had been laid.

### Merry England

From this point on the Pageant showed us Merry England: jousting at Windsor in the reign of Edward the Third, with his prisoners, the Kings of Scotland and France, taking part in the sport, and the Black Prince judging the contests; feasting at Windsor, with Bluff King Hal entertaining the Emperor Charles; hunting, in the velvets and plumes of the Stuarts, interrupted by highwaymen in whom the spirit of chivalry still lived, and so on and so on.

Last of all came John Drinkwater's Epilogue, nobly spoken, suggesting that a later Pageant might include a record of our days, and hoping that additions to the story might equal what is past.

These splendid scenes in these memorable fields must have kindled in the heart of every man, woman, and child who saw them a fresh determination to carry on the good fight for that characteristically English freedom that our fathers have been building for us for so many hundreds of years.

## FREDERICK DELIUS

### THE INSPIRED LAD FROM YORKSHIRE

His Years of Triumph Over Adversity and Pain

### MUSIC WHICH WILL LIVE

With the passing of Frederick Delius English music has lost its third outstanding composer this spring.

Until recent years both the man and his work were little known to his countrymen, for he spent most of his life in France, where he made his home in the country near Fontainebleau.

His genius was first appreciated in Germany, but discerning musicians in our own land soon realised that in Delius was a man of English birth who could express, in an idiom peculiarly his own, poems of beauty which will form part of our heritage.

### His Love of Nature

Frederick Delius was born in Bradford, and after two years in Florida as an orange planter he went to Leipzig to study music. From there he went to Paris, but he preferred the Forest of Fontainebleau to the city, for from its quiet glades he could draw the colour and harmonies which he expressed in his music.

It is difficult to compare him with other composers, but we might describe him as a more mellow Grieg. He loved Nature, and some of the titles of his works themselves call up pictures; for instance, *Summer Night on the River*, in which he was probably thinking of his boyhood days by the streams on the Yorkshire moors, as perhaps he was in *Over the Hills and Far Away*. Another composition written on hearing the first cuckoo in spring reminds us that it was the cuckoo which was singing his requiem as he lay dying.

### Heroism in Adversity

His last years were years of affliction and pain, years during which he has shown how the soul can rise above the frailty of the human body. Neither blindness nor paralysis was able to subdue his earnest spirit and, with the aid of a fellow Yorkshireman, he continued his heroic fight against adversity.

Those who were present at his Festival of six concerts five years ago will never forget the few words he spoke on that occasion. It was his great hour of triumph, and he was happy, not only because of the honour done to him by his own countrymen, but because he was able to hear his own music played by his own people in a fullness and richness of tone he had never before heard except in his own imagination.

He has given to the world two great choral works, *Sea-Drift* and *The Mass of Life*, works which will live by their rich and glowing harmony.

### HOW HE GOT HIS C.E.

### Giving is Better Than Selling

A second-hand bookseller in Manchester was asked a little time ago to call and value some books with a view to purchasing them.

He found they belonged to a widow who was breaking-up her home.

"My word," said the bookseller as he came across a set of the Children's Encyclopedia in splendid condition, "the children have certainly been careful with this."

"No children have handled those books," replied the old lady, somewhat sadly. "I bought them for myself; I wish there had been a child to have them."

"Well, why not make a present of them to some child now, instead of selling them to me?" suggested the bookseller.

"Yes—yes," exclaimed the old lady, brightening up. "I'll give them to the Jewish boy next door. His family is as poor as a mouse."

And so the poor boy next door got his Children's Encyclopedia.

## COTTON UNITY AT LAST

### Something To Please Everybody

### LAW BEHIND AGREEMENT

That you cannot please everyone is the latest old saying to be disproved. The new Cotton Bill has done it.

It is blessed by the workers, the employers, and the Ministry of Labour. It is the first Bill of its kind in the history of the cotton trade, and has had a remarkably quick passage through Parliament. Here, briefly, is what it will do.

The Ministry of Labour is empowered to make legally binding any wage agreements between employers and employees in the weaving section of the trade.

When the Ministry is satisfied that an application for such an agreement comes from a majority of either employers or workers an independent Board of three, representing both sides, will be set up.

When the Board presents a unanimous recommendation the Minister of Labour will make an Order. If either side breaks the agreement after that a heavy fine may be imposed.

This new Bill is in force for three years, but any Orders made may be terminated on notice from either side.

The cotton industry cannot afford disputes in its own house and should benefit enormously from the new measure, which releases so much more energy to be used for solving the problems of foreign competition.

### THE FLYING HOTEL

### A Great Fireproof Airship

### TWO DAYS TO U.S.A.

The enormous big sister of the Graf Zeppelin which is being built for Transatlantic service will have luxurious accommodation rivalling that of our biggest liners.

There will be two decks, with a total floor space of 5380 feet for passenger accommodation. The upper deck has been fitted with a dining-room, a social hall, writing and reading-rooms, and 25 passenger cabins, each cabin containing two beds and hot and cold water. The waste water from the basins is run into a ballast tank, so that the weight of the Zeppelin remains constant. On the lower deck are bathrooms, a smoking-room, and quarters for officers and crew.

Thanks to the use of helium instead of hydrogen the airship is fireproof, and LZ 129 will be the first Zeppelin on which smoking will be permissible.

This enormous ship will be able to travel 8000 miles with one charge of fuel, will take 50 passengers, a crew of 35, and ten tons of luggage. It will cross the Atlantic in just under two days.

### ELEANOR BROWN SEES IT THROUGH

### A Doctor of Philosophy

This month sees the realisation of Eleanor Brown's life-long ambition, when the University of Columbia in New York confers on her the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Miss Brown is 46, and we do not know just what her philosophy is, but we are willing to wager that nine-tenths of it is Pure Pluck, for she has been blind since she was 11.

After taking her degree at Ohio University Miss Brown became a teacher. She has been a High School mistress for 20 years, always looking forward to the day when she might earn a higher degree.

The subject she has worked on for her new degree is Milton's blindness in relation to his poetry.

## ARE WE UGLY PEOPLE?

### MR J. B. PRIESTLEY LOOKS ABOUT

Our Race Losing the Influence of the Country

### CHANCE OF THE CHILDREN

In his new book describing England, entitled *English Journey*, Mr J. B. Priestley expresses the opinion that the English people of the industrial towns have lost their good looks.

Speaking of a certain great manufacturing city he says:

I was struck by the extraordinary ugliness of most of the people.

It is not that these people lacked regular features, fine figures, bright eyes, and so forth. They were, for the most part, downright ugly, really displeasing to look at closely. The women were either too fat or far too thin. The men looked like lopsided oafs, gnomes, hobgoblins. Nearly all looked as if life had knocked them into odd shapes, twisted their features, and dulled their eyes.

The few native races I have seen could have shown one far better-looking specimens of humanity.

### Health and Beauty

Between 1750 and 1934 our mines, mills, and factories have been fed with the ever-decreasing healthy rural population, until now four-fifths of the English are town-bred and half of them crowded into seven small areas. We are losing the influence of the country in our race. It is not a process which improves the physical health in which beauty resides. Health and beauty are one.

We are increasingly struck, however, by the fact that the children of today bid fair to be taller and better-looking than their parents. Certain it is that the race standard, degraded by the old industries, can be recovered by the proper nurture of the child in decent homes and healthy cities, refreshed by constant contact with the countryside.

### NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND

### An Old Proverb Comes True Once More

Victor Hugo's prose epic, *Les Misérables*, wrings our hearts with the sufferings of an ex-convict, escaped and winning honour in a new career, who after long years is detected and again brought to justice.

In a case in real life there has fortunately been a happier ending.

During a quarter of a century, it is reported from Canada, a certain model citizen has lived in Alberta, winning universal regard and respect. Recently he was recognised as an escaped American convict, who broke out of a Kansas prison in 1910.

He could now be extradited and imprisoned, but the American Government has wisely and humanely decided not to take proceedings. Many citizens of Canada appealed to President Roosevelt for leniency, and not in vain.

There are several morals to this story, and one of them is very old: it is never too late to mend.

### ENGLISH STONES IN AUSTRALIA

We have just heard of one of Australia's ideas which we like much better than that of transplanting a building from its native soil to unsympathetic surroundings in a foreign land.

In a charming little church in Tasmania there is something of England, something tangible which yet meant no great uprooting here. In the foundations of its stained-glass windows are stones taken from English cathedrals, each stone with a tablet telling the story of the cathedral from which it comes.



## AN ADVENTURE IN THE HILLS OF ASSAM

C.N. Among the Head-Hunters

A BRAVE MAN REAPS WHAT HE HAS SOWN

We have just heard the end of an adventure which began 40 years ago in the hills of Assam and the story of how the Children's Encyclopedia went among barbarians.

A young missionary, Mr F. W. Savidge, and a friend wished to visit the Lushai tribe. For two years the Government of Assam refused them permission, for the Lushais were fierce head-hunters, and if two British subjects were allowed to go among them and were murdered a punitive expedition would have to be sent out.

### Dread of Evil Spirits

When at last the missionaries reached these folk they found that the Lushais lived in constant terror, not of other raiders, but of evil spirits which inhabited every visible object and had continually to be pacified.

Mr Savidge's first task was to learn their language and to put it into writing. Then he started schools for the children, but arranged that once a week the parents should come as well.

This open General Information Day meant a lot to the Lushais, who had no knowledge of medicine or any of the sciences. Mr Savidge had a set of the Children's Encyclopedia, and from this he translated articles week by week to the tribesmen. In time some of the Lushais learned enough English to read it, and bought copies for themselves.

Then to that corner of the world where civilisation was just beginning came the C.N. with its far-spread interests and worldwide news.

### Brought Up on the C.E.

From the once lawless tribe which had so often defied the Government 2000 young men went to help England in the war. Their colonel told Mr Savidge what interesting people they were to talk to, and how they seemed to know something of any subject he could mention, and Mr Savidge replied that that was largely because they had been brought up on the Children's Encyclopedia.

This courageous missionary tells us that of the 100,000 barbarians to whom he went 40 years ago 66,000 now profess Christianity. Some of them are graduates of Calcutta University, some are doctors, some schoolmasters, some nurses, some carpenters. The C.N. congratulates Mr Savidge, who holds the Kaisar-i-Hind Medal for public services in India, on his fine work.

We said the adventure was ended, but really it has begun afresh. Six of the Lushais are now missionaries, working among the tribes whom they raided and terrorised not so very long ago.

## AN OPPORTUNITY

£50 For an Essay

The world is ready and waiting for another William Morris.

We cannot all afford to buy modern pictures for our homes, but there is a hearty welcome awaiting lovely yet practical fabrics, furniture both beautiful and comfortable, china pleasing to the eye but free from crevices which collect dust and odd bits which jut out and simply ask to be knocked off.

So we are glad to announce that the Royal Society of Arts is offering prizes to art teachers for an essay on training art students for industry and commerce.

The first prize will be £50. Essays, of not more than 3000 words, have to be in by the end of October this year, and full particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, R.S.A., John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2.

## A TALE OF TWO VILLAGES

LOOK AT THIS AND AT THAT

The Great Steel Road and the Little Country Lane

SCUNTHORPE AND BRYNMAWR

Two British towns have been side by side in the news. One has grown in fifty years from a hamlet of farmers to a town of iron and steel workers; the other sees its only hope in turning its miners into farmers, its pitheads into fields.

Scunthorpe in Lincolnshire is the place which has in half a century exchanged its fields for furnaces and its thatched cottages and little lanes for about 8000 acres of houses and 50 miles of roads. The works manager remembers picking violets where molten iron flows from his furnace, and instead of a few agricultural labourers are thousands of steel workers. A Scunthorpe lad of thirty years ago would not believe his eyes if he came back to see where he was born.

### A Brave Effort

And will the Welsh miner of Brynmawr rub his eyes, too, if he returns in 30 years? Here is a town which is going in just the opposite direction. Its industry has died and it is looking to the land to keep it alive, not only with agriculture, but with beauty to draw visitors to it. The black of the coal-mine is being changed into the green of playing-fields and the shimmer of swimming-pools.

It is a brave attempt to keep the town alive and its people occupied. Brynmawr in fifty years more may show as great a contrast as Scunthorpe has shown in the last fifty. As things are today the Brynmawr miners would find the sort of work they are used to at Scunthorpe and the Scunthorpe farmers who think with regret of their lost fields would love to take the Brynmawr way.

Our readers know well of Brynmawr's plucky fight to live; and those who would know more of her troubles and her hopes should read a book called Brynmawr by Hilda Jennings.

## THE LITTLE STIRRING OF THE CONSCIENCE

All Good Work Tells in Time

We are at times apt to wonder whether the great propaganda for Peace has any effect at all upon public opinion.

One of the most hopeful signs to give us encouragement to continue our work is to be seen in the protest many clergy have raised regarding the holding of the Clergy Pension Institution in an armament firm.

For the last quarter of a century this trust has held ten thousand pounds in preference shares in this firm. It is significant that before the last war few clergymen had any scruples of conscience regarding such an investment, but now the question is being seriously raised whether this is a defensible source of revenue. The officials of the Institution have become very much concerned ever since revelations were made that the firm had been advertising their armaments in Germany, a fact revealed by Miss Eleanor Rathbone, M.P., at the annual meeting.

The very fact that the conscience of those who are to benefit from this Charity has been roused is in itself a matter of great satisfaction.

### SUMS WITHOUT TEARS

A novel method of teaching five-year-olds their arithmetic has been adopted at an Epping school.

A tiny shop, complete with counter and goods, has been opened. It is found that when the children are sent shopping they quickly learn to do their sums, and it is such fun.

## AN ISLAND ADVENTURE



IN OLDEN TIMES, SMUGGLERS FOUND THE ISLE OF MAN a convenient centre for their activities. To-day, Happy Holiday-makers find romance and beauty in this popular Holiday Isle. Make up your mind to visit it this year. It's easy to reach, economical, and full of variety.

£280 Amateur Photographic Competition

## ISLE OF MAN FOR HAPPY HOLIDAYS

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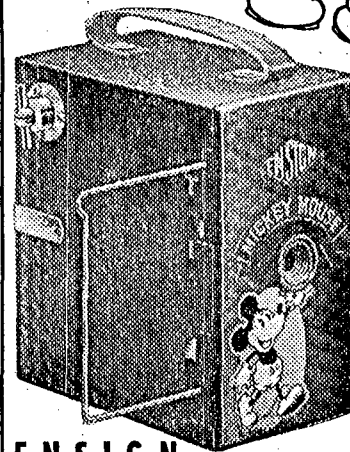
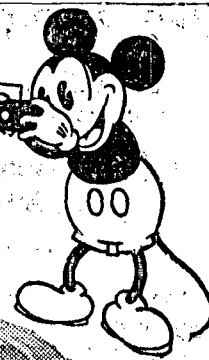
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# THE MASTER OF THE MOOR

A Serial Story

By T. C. Bridges

## CHAPTER 41

## Down Into Darkness

NEIL was as startled as Archie. "It might be a waterpipe," he said. "I've heard them make funny noises at home."

"Yes, when there's hot water in them," said Archie, "but not in an empty house. Neil, I'm scared. Let's clear out."

Just then a big drop of cool rain struck Neil's face.

"Feel that, Archie?" he asked. "It's going to be heavy soon. Do you feel like spending the night up in the hills there in a rainstorm? No shelter, no food, soaked to the skin, bitter cold."

"Can't we use the boat?" Archie asked. "We should only run into Renny."

"But won't he come after us anyhow?"

"I don't see how he can. He can't sail up that channel, it's too narrow. And he's got no oars."

Archie shrugged. "All right. We'll stay here till daylight, but just as soon as it's light enough to see I'm off."

"Same here," Neil said. "I hate the place as much as you. But let's get a fire burning. Then it won't be quite so bad."

They soon had a good fire in the rusty old stove and Archie arranged the straw for them to sleep on.

"It wouldn't be so bad if we had something to eat," Archie said. "I'm simply aching, I'm so hungry."

"Me too," Neil answered. "Shall we have a look round the house?"

Archie jumped up eagerly and the two started their search. They had already looked into the larder and pantry but these were empty. They went upstairs and tried the upper floors. All were the same, bare, empty rooms with great damp stains on the ceilings and paper peeling from the walls.

They went down again and through the whole of the ground floor. One room was in better order than the rest. It had painted walls and a fine ceiling. But it too was empty. As Neil walked across the floor he stopped.

"I believe there's a cellar below," he said. "This floor sounds hollow."

Before Archie could answer the moaning noise began again. A horrible sound, ending in a dreadful choking gurgle which died slowly into silence.

Archie went white but Neil stiffened.

"It comes from below, Archie, from the cellar," he said eagerly.

"Someone must be tied up there," Archie answered in a shaky voice.

"We must get down and see," Neil said quickly.

They started at once on a search for an entrance to the cellar, but after hunting in the house and all around outside could find nothing of the kind. By this time it was nearly dark and raining steadily. They went back into the kitchen to find the fire almost out. The dry peat had burned away.

"I must get some more before it gets quite dark," Neil said. "We couldn't stick it without a fire."

They got two old boxes and started filling them with peat. It was very dark in the shed and suddenly Archie caught his foot on something. He stopped and lit a match to see what it was.

"An iron ring, Neil," he said. "There's a trap-door. I say, I believe this must be the way down into the cellar." He took hold of the ring and pulled, and at once a square slab of stone rose, showing a flight of stone steps leading downward. The two boys stood gazing into the black gloom below.

"What about it, Archie? Feel like trying it?" Neil asked.

"What about light?" Archie asked.

"I have my torch," Neil said. "And nearly a full box of matches."

Archie set his lips. "All right, let's go."

"Wait!" said Neil. "We'll close that door and pile up some peat around this hole. Someone might turn up."

"Renny?"

"Yes, it's on the cards he may know of this house. He was horribly sure he would catch us." He closed the shed door and bolted it, then piled peat around the trap-door so that no one, looking in, would notice that the trap was open. Then he started down the steps and Archie followed.

The steps were of stone, sound and in good order, and led into a large cellar. Neil turned his torchlight to the floor.

"Footmarks," he observed briefly.

"Yes, someone's been here, and not long ago," Archie agreed. "I say, there's a regular track across to the far wall."

"This cellar is under the yard," Neil pointed out. "There's another under the house, for that's where the queer noise came from." He stepped across, following the muddy marks on the flagged floor. "Yes, a door," he went on; "but it's locked."

"And here's the key," said Archie, as the light fell on a large key hanging by a string from a nail fixed in the wall.

"Funny!" muttered Neil, as Archie thrust the key into the lock. It turned easily and the door opened.

"Go slow, Archie," Neil whispered. "Someone's been here pretty lately. That lock was oiled."

"What did they want to lock it for if they left the key?" Archie asked.

"I suppose so that people couldn't get through from inside," Neil answered. "I wonder if there's anyone shut up here." He threw the beam of his torch into the second cellar, and it fell on great piles of cases stacked against the wall.

## CHAPTER 42

## Between Two Fires

NEIL whistled softly. "The place is not so empty as we thought," he muttered.

"Neil," said Archie, "I smell cheese."

"Cheese!" Neil's mouth began to water.

He turned the light and as the thin white beam swept the place they both saw things that filled them with amazement. The cellar was a regular storehouse. At least two hundred cases of goods were stored there, piled against the walls. And they could smell, not only cheese, but tobacco and scent and the strong raw odour of spirits.

They paid no attention to these things—in fact, they hardly noticed them. What made them forget everything else was a shelf against the near wall on which stood plates, mugs, cooking-pots, and a number of tins. Near by was an up-to-date oil stove, and there was a table as well.

"Grub!" cried Archie. "Neil, did you ever know such luck?"

Neil was too hungry to think about luck. He hurried forward, and almost the first tin he opened was full of biscuits. He

handed out a couple to Archie and began to munch himself while he explored for further spoil. This was a tin of tongue, which he chopped open with his sheath-knife. He cut slices and laid them on a plate. Archie meantime found butter and mustard, and with the biscuits they made a pile of excellent sandwiches. The whole tongue vanished before they were satisfied.

"What next?" asked Archie. "There's a tin of pineapple. Shall we try that?"

"Don't forget we're eating stolen food," said Neil.

"Oh, hang that! We can pay for it," returned Archie recklessly.

"I've had enough to keep me going," Neil said. "Suppose we have a look round before we open your tin of pineapple. We haven't found out yet who made that horrid row—"

He stopped short and switched off his light. "There's someone up above," he said in a quick whisper.

"Yes, I hear," Archie answered. "Someone's come into the house. More than one. Who on earth can it be?"

"Renny!" Neil answered, in a tone of cold conviction.

"But you said they couldn't get the launch through that channel!"

"Not then. But the tide's been flowing these three hours, and if Renny knew the channel he could get through. He and Jupp could have used the poles."

"I don't believe it's Renny," said Archie, and almost as he spoke Renny's voice was heard through the floor of the room above.

"They're here. There's a fire in the stove, and look at all this straw. They must mean to sleep here."

"Mean, you mean," came Jupp's voice. "They heard us coming, and hooked it."

"I don't believe it!" Renny's voice was sharp and angry. "Their boat's tied up at the wharf, so they didn't go by water, and Forsyth's a Highlander born and bred. He'd know better than to take to the hills on a night like this. Why, they'd both be dead by morning. They're hiding in one of the outhouses. I'll put my share of that five hundred pounds on it. Come out, Jupp, and help me to search."

Feet pounded away in the direction of the back door.

"That's done it, Neil," said Archie. "They're bound to find that trap-door."

"Don't forget I bolted the door on the inside. That bolt's about half an inch thick and they've got no tools."

## JACKO GETS A FRIGHT

BIG Sister Belinda was talking of Monkeyville's new flats.

"They're wonderful!" she exclaimed, "so easy to run. All electric, and everything for labour-saving. And with the jolliest little balconies," she added.

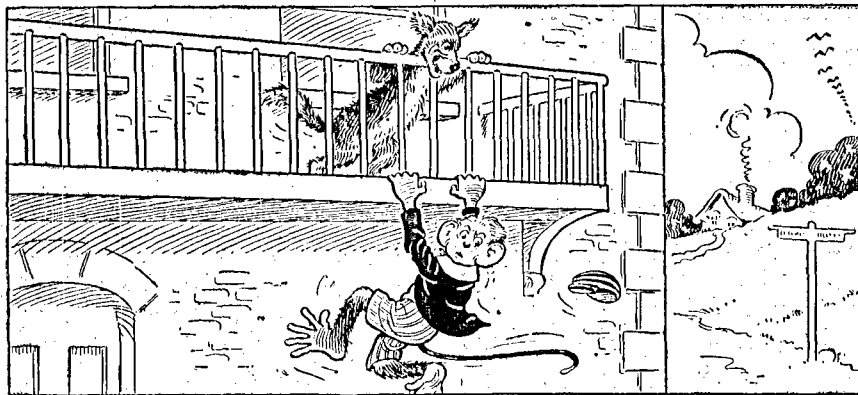
"It all sounds very nice," agreed Mother Jacko; "but terribly expensive, I've no doubt. All very well, of course,

He ran along the corridor, pushed open the door at the end, and stepped out. "Not half bad!" he murmured, staring round.

Suddenly from behind him came a low, threatening growl.

Jacko swung round, and found himself facing a fierce-looking dog.

The dog gave a spring.



There he hung in mid-air

for rich people like Miss Ape—oh, that reminds me," she broke off, "I've never sent her that recipe she asked for."

"I'll take it," volunteered Jacko obligingly; and away he went.

He got a surprise when he found himself in the new building; it was so magnificent it took his breath away. He was received by a lordly commissioner, and handed on from one smart page to another, till he arrived at last at Miss Ape's white-enamelled door.

A haughty maid took his mother's letter and vanished without a word.

"Coo!" breathed Jacko, as he turned away; "what swank! Hallo! that looks like the balcony Belinda's so keen on."

And so did Jacko. In a twinkling he was up on the top of the balcony rail.

The dog showed his teeth and went after him.

Jacko turned pale. Vaulting the rail, he let himself down on the other side, till he hung in mid-air, his hands desperately clutching the stone coping.

He was wondering how long he'd be able to hang on when a voice called "Darling! Where's my precious?"

It was Miss Ape calling her dog.

With a last look at Jacko, the creature turned and trotted obediently away.

Jacko breathed a sigh of relief. "The brute!" he muttered, as he scrambled up. "The nasty, spoiled little wretch."

"They have," returned Archie. "There are some in the launch."

"No axe or heavy hammer. We can lock that in-between door and pile cases against it." As he spoke he switched on the light and went back to the door. He locked it on the inside, lit a candle which he had found among the stores, stuck it in a bottle-neck, and by its light he and Archie set to piling up a barricade of cases. Within a few minutes they had a barricade that would have stopped a regiment.

Archie wiped the perspiration from his forehead and looked at Neil. "This is all very fine, but what does it amount to? It's true they can't get at us, but then we can't get out. We're simply prisoners."

"I'm not so sure of that," Neil said. "Do you notice the air is quite fresh here, but it certainly doesn't come through from the ceiling. There's no grating. Another thing: All these stores. How did they come here? My notion is that there's some other way."

Archie's face brightened. "You may be right. Let's look."

"Light another candle or two. We want light, and plenty of it."

Archie hastily lit three more candles. The small flames flickered, showing that a draught was blowing in this cellar. Neil pointed to the east wall.

"The draught comes from that side. Come to think of it, that wall must face the loch. Yes, it all fits in, for probably the stuff was brought here by water."

"But what for? Do you think this stuff is smuggled?"

"Smuggled or stolen, or both. It must be, for no honest person would hide all those cases in a lonely spot like this," he added as he began to shift a pile of cases. Suddenly he stopped. "Hush! They're back in the house. Listen!"

"What did I tell you?" said Jupp in a sneering tone. "They've gone."

"And I tell you they haven't. They're in that locked shed. Go down to the launch and get a screwdriver. We'll take the door off its hinges."

"Oh, have it your own way!" growled Jupp, and the boys heard his steps going toward the front door.

Archie nudged Neil.

"This isn't Renny's place," he whispered, "or he'd know about the trap-door. Let's go on with the boxes."

"No." Neil's lips were close to Archie's ear and he spoke in the lowest whisper. "If we can hear them they can hear us. Wait till they go out to the shed again."

It was only a minute or two before Jupp was back.

"It's not much of a screwdriver," he grumbled, "and I'll lay those screws are rusted in." He stopped, and the boys heard him gasp with dismay. Small wonder because, for a third time since their arrival, the moaning began again. Then, as before, it died away in hideous splutterings.

"What's that? What is it?" Jupp's voice above was a scream of terror.

"Those boys, most likely," was Renny's reply, "trying to scare us."

"I don't reckon they could make a noise like that," said Duncan, and his voice, too, was a bit shaky.

"I suppose you think it's a ghost?" said Renny scornfully. "I'll soon show you!"

As he strode off Archie turned to Neil.

"It was here, Neil, in this place!"

"I know. And I've a pretty good notion now what it is. It's water."

"Water?"

"Yes. Quite simple. Worked like a ram. You have a little trickle from a tap which fills a reservoir. When it's full it drops and works a thing on the principle of an old-fashioned motor-horn."

Archie stared; then a broad grin crossed his face.

"And that's what's been scaring the stuffing out of me. Of course, it's fixed by the owners just to keep people off."

"That's about the size of it," Neil agreed.

"Thanks, old man, I feel a heap better," Archie declared. "I'm not half so scared of smugglers as I am of spooks. Renny and Jupp have gone. Let's get on with our job."

The cases were piled three and even five deep, not against the wall, but at the distance of a yard or so. The boys had not shifted many before Archie spotted the door.

"You were right, Neil. Here it is, and just where you said it would be." As he spoke he tried the handle. "Locked!" he exclaimed in a very disappointed voice.

He stopped short. "What's that?"

Both stood quite still, listening to a sound which came gradually nearer.

"A motor-engine," said Neil presently.

"A motor-boat is coming up to the landing. It looks to me as if we'd got out of the frying-pan into the fire."

TO BE CONTINUED



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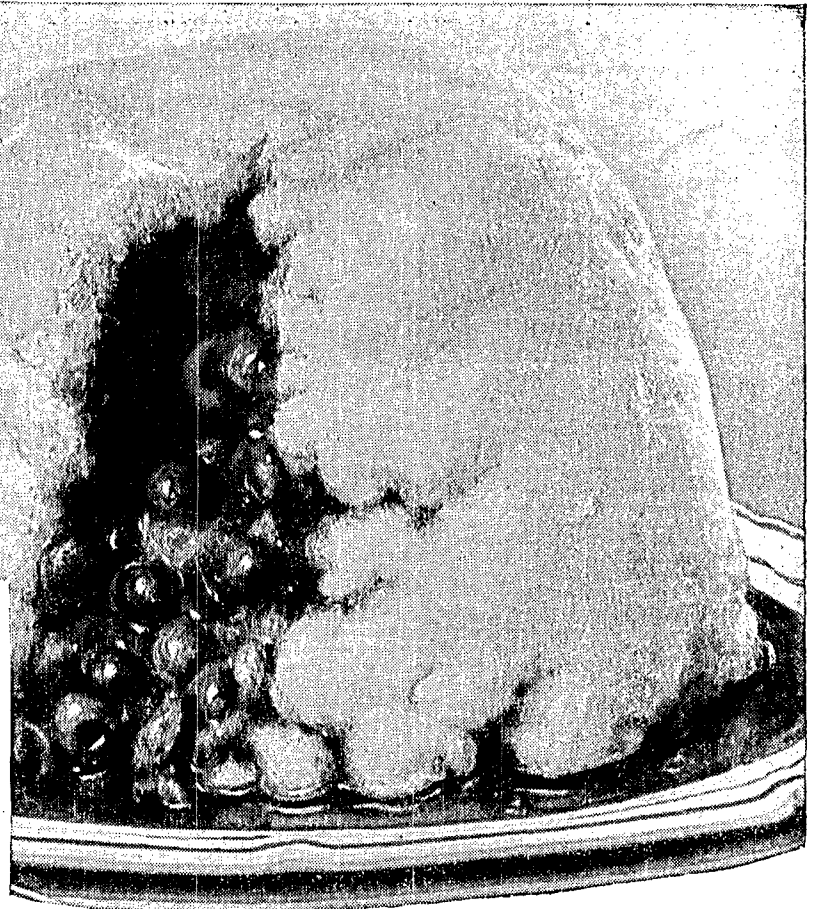
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Fruit in  
Season!**

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8 oz. Plain Flour and 1 teaspoon Baking Powder.  
4 oz. Shredded "ATORA." Pinch of Salt.

Mix ingredients with the flour, add the  
Shredded "ATORA," and mix, do *not* rub in, add  
water to mix to a firm paste (about a small  
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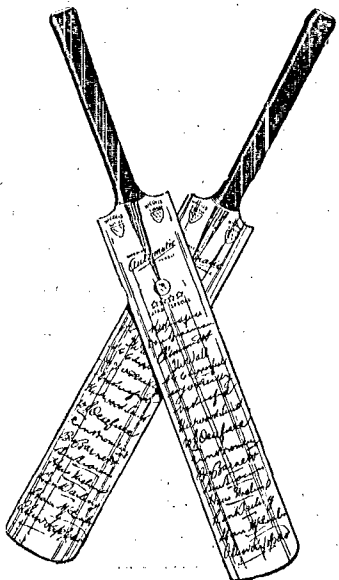
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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 23, 1934

Every Thursday, 2d

**Arthur Mee's  
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## THE BRAN TUB

### A Charade

WHEN night brings on her moon-light hour,  
And stillness holds her magic power,  
All mortals to my first repair,  
And bid adieu to toil and care.  
My next for various ends designed,  
Yet oft my first you there will find.  
Within my whole you seek repose  
Forgetting life and all its woes.

Answer next week

### Signature of St Francis

MANY curious things have appeared on postage stamps, but surely one of the most unusual was the design of the two reis value of the St Francis Xavier



Exhibition stamps which the Portuguese India postal authorities issued in 1931. The stamp shows the signature of the saint who, in 1542, founded the first Jesuit mission in India at Goa.

### Next Week in the Countryside

THE last notes of the cuckoo are heard, and the songs of the gold-crested wren, wood warbler, and redbreast cease. The small horse-fly appears and the common wasp is seen in numbers. The painted lady butterfly, white plume moth, and privet hawk-moth appear. Cherries ripen. Meadow vetchling, wild oat, mayweed, dropwort, yellow water-lily, bulrush, couch grass, privet, great plantain, hemlock, and great knapweed are in blossom.

### One Dozen

ASK a friend the question "How many pennies are there in a dozen?" The answer will of course be "Twelve." Then immediately ask another, "How many halfpennies in a dozen?" and it will be surprising if the instant reply "Twenty-four" is not forthcoming. Only the very alert thinker will give the correct answer of twelve.

### Ici On Parle Français



Un évier Le serpent Le sceau  
Sink Serpent Seal

Je lave la vaisselle dans l'évier.  
Un serpent me fait toujours peur.  
Il y a des sceaux très originaux.

### Before Rain

SIGNS of coming rain are: gnats flying about under trees; rooks flying round and round the rookery; geese cackling loudly; starlings chattering noisily; cocks crowing at unusual times; hens cackling and flapping their wings; ducks quacking loudly; donkeys braying loudly; and frogs croaking a great deal.

### Plant Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in elder but not in balm,  
My next is in holly but not in palm.  
My third is in gorse but not in pansy,  
My fourth is in furze but not in tansy.  
My fifth is in thorn but not in berry,  
My sixth's in chestnut but not in cherry.  
My seventh and last are found in bower,  
My whole is the name of a way-side flower.

Answer next week

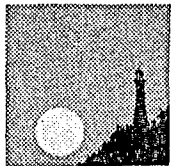
### Lord's

THE second Test Match is being played this week-end at Lord's, the M.C.C. headquarters in London. The ground at St John's Wood was prepared for cricket and opened on May 9, 1814, by Thomas Lord, a Yorkshireman. Previously, Lord had established a ground where important cricket matches

were played in Dorset Square near Marylebone. The old White Conduit Club, which was using the ground, became the Marylebone Cricket Club. In 1811 Lord and the M.C.C. migrated to a new ground in Lisson Grove, but this had a short life, and the move to the present Lord's was made in 1814, the Lisson Grove turf, which had previously been removed from Dorset Square, being taken to yet another home.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter is in the South-West and Mercury is in the North-West. In the morning Venus is in the North-East and Saturn is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 11 p.m. on Wednesday, June 27.

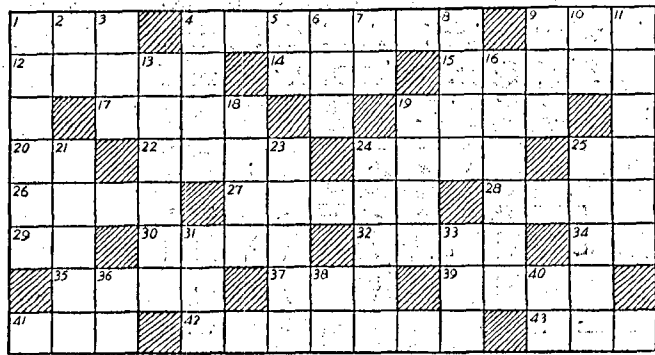


### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

What Time? 5.35  
Find the Animals  
Bear, go-at, beaver, don-key, baboon, pant-her, ant-e-lope, pine-mar-ten.  
Riddle in Rhyme  
CAMBRIDGE  
Acrostic  
S a i L  
C o n E  
H o r n S  
O a r S  
O c t a v o  
L a n t e r n

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. Representation on paper of Earth's surface. 4. Thrust. 9. To undermine. 12. To reform. 14. Donkey. 15. Violent anger. 17. Midday. 19. Actual. 20. Preposition. 22. A knock. 24. To separate and arrange things. 25. Bachelor of Arts.\* 26. An image. 27. Soluble compounds. 28. Summer confections. 29. Negative. 30. Always. 32. Pertaining to the air. 34. Royal Engineers.\* 35. Two constellations bear this name. 37. Accomplished. 39. This queen is dead. 41. A kind of vase. 42. Pendent ornaments. 43. Devoured.

**Reading Down.** 1. A swallow. 2. Exist. 3. An instrument for writing. 4. Same as 26 across. 5. Child's name for Father. 6. Employ. 7. Linnaean Society.\* 8. A large pitcher. 9. Salt. 10. Denotes contiguity. 11. A brief expression. 13. Peers. 16. An allowance. 18. Part of the face. 19. England's flower. 21. Scent. 23. These make 11 down. 24. Digging implement. 25. A kind of cap. 31. Large tub.\* 33. Royal Astronomical Society.\* 36. The Navy.\* 38. Exists. 40. Chemical symbol for sodium.

## Dr MERRYMAN

### Strange

TEACHER had just told the class the meaning of the word metaphor, but she suspected that Jack was not listening.

"Give me a sentence containing the word metaphor, Jack," she said.

"Coming to school this morning I met a four-legged horse," he replied.

### True Enough

NEWS had been scarce in the district covered by the Trington Trumpet.

"Here's a good story," said a young reporter to the editor. "A person who has lived in one room all his life and never even left it."

"In this town?" queried the editor. "Who is he?"

"That two-days-old baby at your house," was the reply.

### The Treatment



Too many sweets! said Aunt Matilda;  
Not enough rest! said Great-Aunt Jane;  
Over-excitement! said Mrs Smith-Hilda;  
Indigestion! said Doctor Pane.  
I hear all that as I lie in bed.  
I'd soon be well if somebody said:  
Give him lots of sweets—a pound a day!  
Let him stay up late—till eleven, say!  
He must climb the wall, and have plenty of thrills,  
And strawberry ices instead of pills!  
A lovely thought—but all in vain;  
Now it's my medicine time again!

### Hard Up

BETTY was the small daughter of a not too successful novelist.

"Daddy, what is the meaning of the word penury?" she asked.

"The wages of the pen," replied Father with feeling.

### Disillusioned

BILL: Did you go ahead with your singing lessons?

Dick: No. The singing master assured me it would take years of hard study to sing as well as I thought I could sing already.

## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

NAN looked impatiently up and down the station. What a nuisance! Jean must be late again. She walked slowly down the length of the station, swinging her books in one hand and her hat in the other. Then she climbed the steps leading on to the bridge, shielded her eyes from the early morning sun, and frowned out upon the straight white road to see if Jean were coming.

Soon she saw her hurrying along, her coat flying wide, and her school-bag bumping against her legs.

"You are late, old slow-coach!" said Nan. "Look, the train's coming. Let's wait for the steam!"

The train rushed nearer, belching volumes of steam,

and the two little girls clung together excitedly and shrieked with joy as the monster snorted under the bridge.



She was hurrying along

enveloping them with a wet, white cloud. Then, still holding hands, they ran down the steps and jumped into the train just as the guard put his whistle to his lips.

"Why were you so late?" gasped Nan at last; and then she noticed that Jean looked doleful.

"Trimmer!" said Jean. "Oh, Nan! Whatever shall I do? I couldn't find my Shakespeare anywhere this morning. I hunted and hunted, and then I saw Trimmer chewing something and looking sheepish out of one eye; and, lo! poor old Shakespeare was on the floor. Trimmer had eaten all his middle out, and the rest of the book was ruined!"

"But, Jean, what will Wanie say?" and the two little girls gazed solemnly at each other, until the train stopped at their station.

They clambered slowly from the train. Hand-in-hand they

## A VERY UNUSUAL DOG

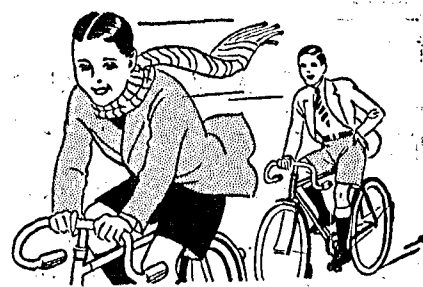
wandered past the smiling ticket-collector, on past the sheep-market, over the canal bridge, and so to school.

"Could you do your sums?" asked one of their form-mates.

"What did you say?" asked Nan, as the two girls left the cloakroom, and, still holding hands, paced along the corridor to their form-room. Then, taking a deep breath, they marched up to their Form mistress. While Jean told her sad tale Nan gripped her hand tightly, and earnestly scanned the mistress's face to see how she would take it.

But Miss Waine proved quite human after all.

"Well, Jean! It isn't every dog who has a taste for Shakespeare!" she twinkled.



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